

# The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXVII., No. 3.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1925.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4955.]

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	63	SAFETY, and EXPERIMENT. Two Poems by Stella Benson	75
ZIONISM AND ARABIA ... ..	66	THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—	
A CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE. By François Cruey	67	Modern Poetry. By Leonard Woolf	76
ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND: SOWS' EARS FOR PURSES. By H. C.	68	REVIEWS:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: The Protocol and the German Offer (E. Beddington Behrens); The Late Sir Frederick Treves and Vivisection (Sir George Greenwood); Rural Industries (The Earl of Shaftesbury); The Victorians (Richard Gillbard); "Chinese Art" (Ernest Collings); "The British Institute of Philosophical Studies" (Sir Lynden Macassey); Cancer and Diet (P. Ronaleyn Gordon)	70-72	Pirandello Again	77
PAUL. Chapter II. continued. By the Author of "By an Unknown Disciple"	73	Shakespeare, Bacon, and Two Bees. By Lewis Horrox	77
IN DULL DEVONSHIRE. By T. F. Powys	74	The Infant Prodigy. By Lord Berners	78
FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA. By Omicron	75	Fiction. By Edwin Muir	78
		John Addington Symonds	79
		Recent Theology. By A. F.	79
		Dantesque	80
		The Psychology of the Religious Mind	80
		The German Genius	81
		NOVELS IN BRIEF	82
		BOOKS IN BRIEF	82
		FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
		The Week in the City	84
		Is Sterling Overvalued?—II. By J. M. Keynes	86

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

M. HERRIOT, after surviving a prolonged debate in the Chamber on Thursday of last week, was defeated in the Senate, and immediately resigned. The Government had previously agreed to shelve its hastily framed project for "a voluntary capital levy," and the ostensible reason for the Senate's vote of censure was the revelation that the note issue had for some time past exceeded the legal limit by about two milliard francs, and that the Government had virtually compelled the *Banque de France* to cook its accounts. M. Herriot's defence was that he had been preparing a big financial measure to put matters right, and that meantime he had only followed the example of his predecessors in resorting to dubious methods in order to keep up appearances. M. Poincaré had to admit the substance of this charge, though there was obvious dialectical force in his reply that none of the devices which he had employed were in conflict with the letter of the law. The real moral of the episode from the financial point of view is the short-sightedness of the policy of pretence of which successive French Governments have been equally guilty. And the chief political moral is the intensity of the French unwillingness to pay increased taxation; for it has been the sense that increased taxation would spell the downfall of any Government that proposed it that has been chiefly responsible for the postponement of the day of reckoning. It was in fact the taxation proposals of M. Poincaré that were chiefly responsible for his electoral defeat last year; and dislike of M. Herriot's "capital levy" lay at the root of his downfall last week.

It has been suggested, on the strength of certain passages in M. Herriot's speech to the Senate, that he was deliberately riding for a fall. There is certainly a manifest reluctance on the part of French public men to succeed him just now in his uncomfortable office. The ever-ready M. Briand made it a condition of forming a Government that the Socialists should agree to form part of it, and not merely support it from outside, as they had supported M. Herriot. There is much to be said for this demand on grounds of responsible govern-

ment; but there was never any prospect that the Socialists would agree to it, and M. Briand cannot have expected that they would. The ball is now with M. Painlevé, who has once before formed a shortlived administration at a difficult time. A not unimportant aspect of the present confusion is the part played in it by France's bi-cameral system. A Government in France really needs the confidence of both the Chamber and the Senate; and as these bodies are elected by different methods and (for the most part) at different times, it is often difficult to find a Government which satisfies both criteria. This difficulty is apt to prove most serious precisely at times of crisis, when a strong Government is most essential. Continental experience, indeed, gives us abundant reason to prefer our own peculiar variant of single-chamber government.

\* \* \*

After refusing to be nominated as a presidential candidate, Marshal von Hindenburg at length gave way, and is now the official opponent of Herr Marx. This nomination means that the right wing of the Nationalist Party has definitely got the upper hand of the Stresemann group. Stresemann and his "People's Party" were in favour of a monarchist candidate who would not be a disturbing element in foreign politics; for it must be remembered that Stresemann was mainly responsible for getting the Dawes scheme through Parliament. The leaders of the People's Party have failed to carry their point, and Hindenburg's nomination is an attempt to get the votes of the Bavarian People's Party, and rally to the Nationalist standard the mass of voters who did not vote at the first ballot. It is an interesting experiment. Hindenburg's popularity is not the ordinary popularity of a successful general: he earned his position by freeing the German people from the terror of a Russian invasion, which had hung over an entire generation of Eastern Germans. Those who exorcise ghosts are reputed great magicians.

\* \* \*

We must try, however, to get what is known of Hindenburg's character and attainments in a proper perspective. His State papers have been published, and

several shrewd and observant men like Erzberger and Czernin have given us their views about him. There can be no doubt that he is a businesslike, hard-working soldier with no political capacity. During the long debates upon the question of submarine war he never had a constructive or a critical suggestion to make; and he simply accepted the speculative statistics of Admiral von Holtzendorff without question. He refused the Chancellorship because he felt unable to speak in the Reichstag; and when called in to harangue the political leaders who had passed the peace resolution of August, 1917, he disappointed his colleague Ludendorff by his peaceful attitude; he had little to say about the Reichstag resolution except that it might, with advantage, have had "a little more pepper." Czernin describes him as a very modest man who contributed little or nothing to political discussions. Since the war he has tried consistently to stand aloof from the political activities of Ludendorff and Tirpitz, although, at times, he has been drawn into them, always in a figurehead capacity. It is obvious that a man like this will be the tool of others except in purely military matters. The interesting question is whether he will prove a serviceable tool.

It is impossible not to feel anxious about the situation in Kurdistan. Practically no news is allowed through by the Angora censorship; and all that is known for certain is that the Turkish Government has concentrated a very large number of troops in the area affected by the insurrection, and is apparently sending more. Only the vaguest details of the operations being undertaken are allowed to leak through. The possible consequences of this position are far from pleasant. The Mosul Boundary Commissioners are making good progress, and their findings will, in all probability, be issued before the operations in Kurdistan are over. Supposing the Commission finds that certain areas now in Turkish occupation are to be ceded to Iraq, will the Turkish Government loyally carry out the ruling, and transfer the territory when it will have a force of about five divisions ready to give emphasis to a refusal? Even if common sense prevails with the Turkish Ministers, will the excitable and violent deputies at Angora give them a free hand? The situation is the more difficult in that, for the moment, nothing can be done to improve it: no foreign Government can ask the Turkish Government to send fewer troops to Kurdistan, and any representation from the League authorities would immediately be interpreted as sympathy with the rebels.

The South African Government has now defined its policy with regard to the British preference. The rebate is to be entirely withdrawn on articles wherein Great Britain holds a predominant market or where a proprietary name or trade mark is a determining factor in the sale; on the other hand it is to be retained, and even increased, in respect of some other classes of goods. On balance, the proposed changes involve a considerable decrease in the rebate; but inasmuch as the principle of Imperial preference is retained, we suppose the Empire may still be allowed, even by our own protectionists, to remain intact. Meanwhile, the Government's general tariff proposals, according to the correspondent of the "Times," are causing some anxiety in commercial circles. They will increase the cost of living in the Union; but this can be borne, as "substantial assistance cannot be given to local industries without paying for it in the cost of things consumed." Experience has shown, however, that "the application of a tariff to specific imports results in most surprising reactions, and very often has an effect upon the industry concerned

entirely different from that contemplated." Moreover, "it is all very well to talk about a reciprocal tariff between the Union and other countries, but . . . reciprocity and retaliation go hand in hand." Is Saul also among the prophets?

In his presidential address to the National Union of Teachers, Mr. C. T. Wing paid a whole-hearted tribute to the "supreme good judgment, tact, and patience," with which Lord Burnham had performed a most difficult task, and expressed his confidence that, despite some disappointments, teachers as a whole would accept the award as a fair one. We may hope also that it will be as frankly and fully accepted by the authorities. No one can blame the teachers for the fight they have put up on behalf of their economic position, and they have shown themselves ready to make considerable concessions; but the prolonged wrangle over salaries has done no good to the cause of education. The great gain to be anticipated from a general acceptance of the award was admirably expressed by Mr. Wing himself, when he hoped that it would "lead to a period of educational peace, enabling local education authorities and teachers to attack without preoccupation those problems of educational progress which are so important to the future welfare of the community."

Two Bills which are before Parliament have aroused disquietude because they seem considerably to extend the powers of the authorities to search private premises. Clause 30 of the Criminal Justice Bill (in other respects a useful measure) enables magistrates to issue search warrants giving the police wide powers, if they are satisfied that "there is reasonable ground for suspecting that an indictable offence has been or is about to be committed." The new Wireless Bill gives them the power to issue search warrants if there is reasonable ground for supposing that an unlicensed apparatus has been set up. If this latter provision applies, as it seems to do, to the ordinary receiving sets for broadcasting, it is surely open to objection. Each new invention creates its own problems, and the economics of the wireless industry is a difficult one. But it is a very stiff proposal to make a big breach in the defences of the "Englishman's castle" merely in order to control the use of wireless sets. Powers so extensive are liable to all kinds of abuse, and we hope that the House of Commons will subject these Bills to severe scrutiny before it allows them to pass.

Some recent developments in the world of industry are of more than usual interest. The shipbuilding employers have invited the trade unions to participate in a joint inquiry into the conditions of the industry; and though the unions have still to reply, the proposal has been warmly welcomed in the Monthly Journal of the A.E.U. Both the proposal and its reception are clearly inspired by Mr. Baldwin's recent appeal, to which the A.E.U. Journal refers in eulogistic terms. The Conferences which are taking place in the cotton trade are of equal interest from a somewhat different standpoint. A fortnight ago a Conference took place representative of the Master Spinners, the manufacturers, the merchants, and—most significant—the finishing trades; printing, dyeing, bleaching, &c. The trade unions were not invited to take part in this Conference; but they are to participate in an enlarged Conference which is now to be summoned by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. In general terms, the object of the inquiry is the same as in shipbuilding—

to see how the costs of the industry, in particular overhead costs, can best be reduced.

But the centre of gravity of the cotton discussions is clearly the relations between different sections of the trade, rather than labour problems. Cotton is peculiar among British industries, in that it combines an intense patriotism in the industry as a whole, with acute jealousies between different sections on all practical issues; and one of the most interesting aspects of the present Conferences is whether it is possible to rally this force of a common patriotism in the industry so as to solve some of the thorniest of our modern industrial problems. The notion that effective combination and monopoly is now the rule in British industry is a grotesque illusion; but monopoly has got a grip on certain corners of every industry, with the result of anomalous disparities, affecting employers as much as workpeople. Thus in cotton, whereas the main branches of spinning and manufacturing have been depressed and unprofitable, the finishing trades, under the control of combinations, have been able to keep their charges high and make very good profits—to the detriment of Lancashire's competitive power. It is not easy to see how this difficulty can be met by anti-trust legislation. Can Lancashire, with its peculiar advantages of local concentration and industrial patriotism, show us a better way?

At the I.L.P. Conference at Gloucester a considerable amount of steam has been blown off, which had been waiting for some such outlet ever since the fall of the Labour Government. Various sticks, including the handling of the Zinovieff letter, were used to belabour Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, but the essence of all the criticism seemed really to consist in a feeling that the spectacle of a Labour Government in office had not corresponded with the critics' expectations. The discussions indicate that the stage of transition between Labour as a party of agitators in opposition and Labour as a practical instrument of government is still far from complete. Mr. MacDonald endeavoured to point out what the real position of a Government, and the problems which confront it, are like. He intimated that a Bill on the lines of the "living wage" resolution passed by the Conference would not live for half an hour in the House of Commons. "You have got," he said, "to help us by producing a sound method for applying that idea to existing conditions." But to a large and active section of the I.L.P. the very idea of formulating a practicable policy smacks of treachery. For this would necessarily mean an attempt to "administer the capitalist order of society," a thing which, in Mr. Wheatley's view, no Labour Government should do. Mr. Wheatley gave this as his reason why Labour should never again take office in a minority; but obviously it cuts much deeper than this. Those who take this view are not concerned to find constructive solutions for social evils; they merely gloat over them as evidence of the "breakdown of capitalism."

The discussion on the report of a committee appointed to consider whether full compensation should be paid when industries are nationalized brought out the fundamental cleavage between those to whom Socialism is merely a destructive slogan and those who would like it to mean something constructive. Obviously full compensation would have to be paid if only to avoid disastrous confusion, and this was the line taken by the majority of the committee, and by Dr. Dalton in presenting the report. But this is to divest nationalization of its sole attraction in the eyes of the

extremists; and it was significant that Mr. Maxton quoted Mr. Gladstone's old dictum (about land nationalization) that if you pay for it, it is folly, and if you do not, it is robbery. Mr. Maxton argued that as rent and profits are robbery, he was not embarrassed by the latter horn of the dilemma. But he implied that he agreed with the former half; and it is probable, indeed, that most of those who applaud the cry of nationalization would not give a pin for it if the element of confiscation were to be ruled out. Dr. Dalton and the committee felt bound, therefore, to introduce it somehow, and they insisted accordingly that the compensation should be paid from taxes on "accumulated wealth," so that "the capitalists would be paying out one another." It is obvious that wealth can be taxed just as much if industries are not nationalized as if they are; and that precisely the same limits to the extent to which this can prudently be done exist in the one case as in the other. It is obvious, in other words, that no fiscal proposal has any bearing upon the issue of nationalization. It is, indeed, pathetic to see men of some real intelligence wasting their time and ingenuity in concocting bad arguments to justify sound provisos with regard to unreal policies. That is the fate of Labour's "intelligentsia" to-day.

In a speech on Monday night Mr. MacDonald referred to the impending Budget, and, dealing with the effect of taxation on industry, he made a point which cannot be made too often or too clearly. It is local rates, he pointed out, rather than the income tax which constitute the really serious burden. Rates must be paid whether a business is successful or unsuccessful. They tend to be higher in industrial districts where poor people live than in residential districts where no industries worth considering are carried on. Moreover, the poor rate is inevitably highest in just those areas where industry is most depressed and unemployment is most serious, and a vicious circle becomes established. Finally, assessed as they are on the basis of fixed property, rates are a special and serious deterrent not only on house-building, but on fixed capital expenditure generally.

The latest "stunt" of the "Daily Mail" is a raging, tearing campaign against the Factories Bill which the Government has decided to reintroduce at an early date. Characteristically ignoring the fact that the Bill was originally drafted while Mr. Bridgeman was Home Secretary, our contemporary represents it as the product of last year's "Socialist Government," and adds that the present Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, "is opposed to rushing forward with the Bill on the grounds that hasty action might have the effect of gravely raising cost of production." It is true that the Labour Government enlarged the scope of the original measure, and introduced into it some features which are perhaps open to legitimate objection. But there is not the smallest prospect that these features will be retained by the present Government. The "Daily Mail" is convinced, however, that "it is sheer madness to introduce such a Bill at such a time as this."

"It will expose home manufacturers to intense competition in goods manufactured under conditions abroad which would not be permitted here. In addition, by raising the permitted cubic space for each person employed, it will compel manufacturers either to discharge large numbers of their employees or undertake extensions of their factories which they cannot afford, and to carry out which the building labour is not available."

The pitiable thing is that the "Daily Mail" has succeeded in enlisting the support of a few business men, including a director of the White Star Line, for its reactionary campaign.

## ZIONISM AND ARABIA.

ON the Wednesday of last week (April 8th), Lord Balfour, who had been presiding at the opening of the Jewish University at Jerusalem, arrived at Damascus in order to visit a famous Eastern city on his way home, and was there the subject of hostile demonstrations which at one moment even endangered his life. On the day of his arrival his hotel was stoned, and, though he did not provoke trouble by showing himself in public, there was a violent *émeute* of the Arab population next day, in which furious crowds attempted to take the hotel by storm and were only beaten back with the utmost difficulty by the French police, reinforced in the end by *spahis*. That afternoon Lord Balfour was spirited away under a strong escort to Beirut, in circumstances which recall St. Paul's journey from Jerusalem to Caesarea—another occasion on which the efficiency and goodwill of a European administration in Syria saved the life of a distinguished visitor from the fury of the population (in that case not Arabs, but Jews). At Beirut Lord Balfour went on board a steamer, and remained afloat until the boat sailed for Alexandria.

Our first thought is to congratulate General Sarraïl and his fellow-countrymen on their conduct in an emergency which was not of their making, and which arose ultimately out of the application of a policy over which French statesmanship had never been enthusiastic. To have quelled so serious a disturbance with the loss of only one life is an achievement of which any administration may be proud, and in this case it is especially remarkable, considering that the French have only been established in Damascus since August, 1920, and that they entered then by force. The whole incident redounds to their credit, and indicates that their *régime*, which began so inauspiciously, has gone far towards justifying itself in the meantime.

Our second thought is to probe into those unsolved problems in Syria and Palestine of which this incident is a disquieting symptom.

Lord Balfour's visit has thrown those problems into relief. The passionate outburst of Arab Nationalism in the streets of Damascus, and the moving scene on Mount Scopus at the inauguration of the Jewish University a few days before, illustrate between them the best feature in the Zionist Movement and the political difficulties inherent in the support of that movement by the Allied Powers—inherent even in that judicious measure of support, without prejudice to the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, to which we (and also the French, who afterwards endorsed it) stand pledged by the Balfour Declaration of November 2nd, 1917.

The creation of a Jewish University at Jerusalem is a liberal ideal which deserves our sympathy and support. Whatever "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" may not cover, it undoubtedly covers this; and the building up in Palestine of a cultural centre for Jewry, which may become a spiritual possession for Jews all over the world, not only appeals to the imagination, but is almost a necessity under the new conditions created by the War. Before the War, the majority of Jews lived under the government of several vast multi-national States like the Romanov, Hapsburg, and Ottoman Empires, in which they had a specific social rôle to play; and though this did not exempt them from persecution (at least, in Russia, for in Turkey and Austria-Hungary they were not ill-treated), they had still an asylum in the United States. Since the War, the United States has been closing her doors, while the place of the old empires has

been taken by a number of small new national States, in each of which the assertion of national uniformity is an article of faith. For the Jews of Eastern Europe, the eclipse of Austria-Hungary and the rise of Poland and Rumania is a serious matter; and since the Jewish problem cannot be solved, either in Eastern Europe or in Palestine, by setting up a Jewish territorial State with a homogeneous Jewish population, the next best thing is that Jewish cultural autonomy should be secured in Palestine (where it is strong in its traditional associations) under the aegis of a European Mandatory Power. The new Jewish University is the central hearth for a national home of this kind, and the decision to make Hebrew the academic language is by no means so fantastic as it seems at first sight. A multilingual community like the Jews needs some common cultural language, and this need cannot be supplied by Yiddish, which is foreign to the Sephardi Jews of the Latin and Oriental countries. It is almost as simple to revive Hebrew as to make the arbitrary choice of some non-Jewish living tongue to which no Jewish sentiment could attach itself; and Hebrew, with its Semitic verbal inflections, is well fitted to express the scientific and philosophical ideas of the modern world—on the analogy of Arabic, which in the Middle Ages proved itself an excellent vehicle for the science and philosophy of Ancient Greece. These Jewish cultural efforts in Palestine are full of promise, and theoretically there is no reason why, so long as there is a European Mandatory to hold the scales even, a Zionism of this kind should conflict with the national aspirations of the Arab majority in the country. Palestine, however, does not lie *in vacuo*, and its internal problems cannot remain unaffected by the spirit of the times or by the policies and interests of the Powers.

The spirit of the times, unhappily, militates against the success of Zionism—even of that cultural Zionism from which the national rights of the local Arabs can suffer no prejudice and which Great Britain is therefore pledged to support. If the spirit of the times were reasonable, it might be possible to make the Arabs realize that cultural Zionism cannot do them any harm; but the prevailing spirit in these post-war years (how long to continue, no one can tell) is one of intolerant and suspicious nationalism; and this kind of nationalism, which is making the position of the Jews so difficult in Eastern Europe, in the old Jewish Pale, is also in the ascendant among the peoples of the Near and Middle East—including the Christian and Muslim Arabs of Syria and Palestine. Indeed, in the East it is being taken up with all the exaggeration of a new craze or a new religion—so much so that here the position of minorities, which in Eastern Europe is now difficult, is being made literally impossible. Syria adjoins Turkey, and Turkey Greece; and in Greece and Turkey, as a result of the recent Anatolian War, the minorities (so far as they survive) are being compelled, under a Convention signed by the two Governments at the Lausanne Conference, to inter-migrate until (apart from one or two exempted areas) no Greeks are left in Turkish or Turks in Greek territory. In the atmosphere now prevalent in the Near and Middle East, mixed nationalities go off at a touch like the ingredients of gunpowder—harmless in isolation, but explosive when ground up together and ignited—and in Palestine, next door to Greece and Turkey, we are, as it were, creating synthetically just such another explosive as that which has recently devastated those two neighbouring countries. Of course, a Jewish University is not a Jewish colony, but to the mind of the Arabs it is the thin end of the wedge, notwithstanding the safeguards for Arab

nationality which the Balfour Declaration contains. At present neither they nor most other Oriental peoples are in that calm mood which is willing to test pledges by performance instead of assuming *à priori* that they are going to be broken. Here, then, is one dilemma. A policy which is good in itself, and which we are bound to carry out under the terms of the Balfour Declaration, comes to look almost like a foolhardy adventure when it is viewed, not in the artificially isolated enclave of Palestine, but against the background of political tendencies in the Middle East as a whole.

The fact that last week's outbreak occurred in Damascus, beyond the boundaries of Palestine, shows how artificial the post-war divorce of Palestine from Syria really is. It occurred there because that city is the centre of Arab national life for a region which includes both the French and the British Mandated territory, and the unity of national feeling throughout this region has not been done away with by the recent interposition of an international frontier. It is in the drawing of this frontier that the relations between the Powers come in; and the odium which the Zionists have incurred in the minds of the Syrian and Palestinian Arabs as being responsible for the partition of their country is really not deserved, since, before the Balfour Declaration had been thought of, the British, French, and Russian Governments had already decided among themselves that the country "from Dan to Beersheba" was to be separated from the country further north, not because it had once belonged to the Twelve Tribes, but because it was only on these lines that the interests of the Powers could be reconciled. France claimed Syria, and in principle her claim was admitted by her Allies; but Great Britain did not want to see another great Power, even an ally, in immediate proximity to the Suez Canal, while Russia wanted an international *régime* in the Holy Land of the Orthodox Christian Church. When Russia dropped out, the British claims in the south (which were originally confined to Haifa and Transjordan) were extended, and the Balfour Declaration was then thrown in; but since the Balfour Declaration, quite rightly, did not promise the Zionists a Jewish State in Palestine, but only a national home, there was no valid reason why that Declaration should not be given effect in a Palestine forming part of a Syrian federal State. A federal union is the most natural expression of existing political conditions in Syria, and this is the form of government which the French have established in the territories over which their mandate extends. If Syria and Palestine had been left to themselves after the overthrow of Turkish rule, a federation of half a dozen States covering both areas would have been the natural outcome, and it must be repeated that this would not have been incompatible, in itself, with Zionism in its cultural form. During the Peace Conference of Paris, the decision was actually taken to send an Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry to the spot in order to find out what the people wanted; but at the last moment the French drew back, the British followed suit, and the report of the American Commissioners, who went by themselves, was not acted upon at the time, or even given publicity, by the American Government. Thus Syria and Palestine were eventually mandated to different Powers, ostensibly for the benefit of the local populations, but primarily in order to satisfy the interests of the Powers themselves. It would have been much better if this had been admitted frankly at the time, since the interests of the Powers were not necessarily illegitimate, while, except for the partition, the new *régime* in both areas was a great improvement on what had preceded it. As it is, the mandatory system here is being hampered

in its operation by the element of disingenuity which attaches to its origins, and all parties—the Arabs, the Zionists, and the Powers—are still suffering from the consequences of this false start.

## A CONSTITUTIONAL STRUGGLE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, APRIL 14TH, 1925.

IN January, 1922, M. Briand, then Prime Minister, fell, thanks to M. Millerand, then President, of the Republic, because M. Briand pursued a policy of peace that M. Millerand did not wish to support. M. Poincaré fell on May 11th, 1924, because the immense majority of the French electors were strongly opposed to any policy of war. M. Herriot has just been overturned by the Senate, which is the enemy of any Radical policy in matters of finance, and jealous of the part that M. Herriot has allowed the Socialist Party to play in the Government's councils.

M. Edouard Herriot is a realist. He has proved it at Lyon. And this realistic man of action is at the same time an idealist. Considered from the political point of view, M. Herriot is a cousin of the Radicals who came to power in Great Britain in 1906. Like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M. Herriot brings to the support of democratic progress the precious qualities of great moral authority and a highly disinterested Liberalism.

Right from the start of his long Ministry, Sir Henry, who was anyhow at the head of a large Liberal majority, had decided to associate the Labour Party with his efforts. On March 30th, 1906, the Prime Minister gave his support to a draft Bill proposed by the Labour members, according to which the funds of trades unions were to be declared not liable to seizure. In the same way M. Herriot, Prime Minister, wanted to obtain the support of the Socialist Party in Parliament. He thoroughly understood that the will of the French nation, as manifested at the general elections of May 11th, was supported by democratic aspirations, some more vehement, others more moderate, but all rather uncertain as to future realizations. He decided to find the average in these aspirations, so as to materialize it in political action. Being himself leader of the Radical-Socialist Party he got into touch with the leader of the Socialist Party.

Edouard Herriot and Léon Blum are both former pupils of the Ecole Normale. The shadow of Jean Jaurès, a former pupil of the same school, has brought these two political leaders closer together. M. Herriot has deeply felt that the name of Jean Jaurès, assassinated on the eve of the war, is becoming a symbol for every democratic aspiration. In organizing the solemn transfer of the ashes of Jean Jaurès to the Panthéon, M. Herriot rendered more concrete the deep union existing between the forces of the Radical Party and those of the Socialist Party. When in November, 1924, he delivered, in front of the coffin of the great tribune, the impressive speech that still deeply moves the public mind, Edouard Herriot was backed up by the entire French democracy, as it was represented then by the Parliamentary majority which he commanded in the Chamber.

This day, which ought to have strengthened his power, was the first event to shake it. Just as red flags wave at meetings in Trafalgar Square, the red flags of workmen's organizations were waving above the procession that followed the coffin of Jaurès. It was enough

to call forth a panic, and one remembers well how the very next day the *péril communiste* was discovered, or invented. The Senate, which holds its meetings in these very quarters, half way between the Panthéon and the Palais Bourbon, heard these rumours, and appeared to be among the first to believe in real danger.

The Senate is not the Chamber. One hundred and two Socialist deputies represent in the Chamber nearly one-fifth of the assembly. Three Senator Socialists represent not even one-hundredth of the assembly in the Senate.

The Senate does not admit that the Socialist deputies should exercise in public affairs an influence corresponding to their representation in the Chamber. The intimate relations established between the head of the Government and the leader of the Socialist Party have exasperated the Senate.

The Senate would not even see that, by securing for himself in this way the co-operation of the Socialists, M. Herriot was moderating the Socialist activity in Parliament and in the country. The Senate was immediately jealous and hurt.

When the Chamber, having at last voted the Budget, submitted it to the Senate, the old senators exclaimed in one voice that it was an awful Socialist Budget. The very same night they declared their intention of ruining the work of the deputies. The Upper House contested the essential right of the Lower House in Budget matters.

A Frenchman who lived in England in 1909 is struck by the analogy that exists between the situation as it was then in London and the present situation as it presents itself in Paris.

In 1909 the Budget set up by Mr. Lloyd George had roused against him the House of Lords. "We condemn this Budget," exclaimed Lord Lansdowne, "because it rests on Socialistic errors which guide your activity, but which you dare not openly admit."

And Mr. A. J. Balfour denounced in the following terms the policy of the Radical leaders: "Economic activity is conditioned by confidence. The present Ministers have contributed more to the ruining of this confidence, whether by their imprudent reforms or whether by the imprudence of their plans, in these three years, than all the previous demagogues of the past five generations have ever succeeded in doing."

This is exactly the same sort of speech that was delivered last Friday by MM. François Marsal and Poincaré, roused against M. Herriot, and the charge brought against M. Herriot by M. Poincaré on the legal limit of the note circulation appears to everybody to be a mere pretext.

M. Herriot, though put in a minority in the Senate, could have remained, as he possessed a majority in the Chamber. But he resigned. M. Painlevé refused to form a Cabinet because he would and could not enter into negotiations with the Senate. M. Briand agreed on Sunday to try to conciliate both antagonistic majorities in the Senate and the Chamber, but he immediately tried to secure for himself the support of the Socialists in the Chamber, by asking them to join him in his Cabinet. But the Socialists have an old grudge against M. Briand. They will to-day refuse direct co-operation in the Cabinet.

Whatever the decision of M. Briand may be at present—whether he will agree or refuse to form a Cabinet—the conflict between the Chamber and the Senate will continue.

The fall of the Herriot Cabinet is the first act of a constitutional struggle. Everything that will follow will only be episodes, until the moment when the Senate

will have to lower its colours before the Chamber, as the Lords were once obliged to give in to the Commons.

FRANÇOIS CRUCY.

## ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND.

### SOWS' EARS FOR PURSES.

LAST Friday I was at a ticket barrier at a great London terminus. I was on the way to my train. The collector stopped me. "This train," he said, "does not stop at your station." (My station is a well-known junction.) I waited for a few moments until the press of passengers should be past. Then the collector took his staff train list out of his pocket and whipped over its leaves. After doing so he said, "I'm sorry, sir; my mistake; train does stop."

Earlier in the day, in one of the best-known London shops, I had been served by an attentive and intelligent-looking man. When I gave him my address I found that it was possible for a responsible assistant in a great metropolitan business house, that every day sends goods all over England, to hear of the abbreviation "Hants" for the first time.

An hour or two before I had been at a large branch of the largest London bank. When I asked an obliging middle-aged counter clerk if, in a country a night's journey away, the exchange were against us, he did not know. I was so much surprised that, after he had turned (to his "Daily Mail") to find out the rate, I asked whether it would be more advantageous to buy cash of that country in its capital or in London. He did not know.

These three successive surprises on one urban afternoon are not easy to credit. Nor is the life of the hamlet. I begin to ask myself whether, in order to carry conviction, I have surprised you enough.

Farm workers, farmers, parsons, and squires, like you and me, take a deal of knowing. They are, as we are, to no pattern. They are to be seen, just like you and me, in one hour in one aspect, in another hour in quite another aspect. Their natures, like yours and mine, may be scenes of struggle. They are, as we are, in the clutch of circumstance. When the portraits of farm workers, farmers, parsons, and squires are being made there are things that have to be put in which may seem to be unreasonable, harsh, unjust. But these warts belong to the picture as much as the decent, friendly, humorous things.

Naturally, I feel most for the bottom dog of our community.

Farmers, parsons, and squires have their buffetings, but their world is not so shut in as the labourers' world. "The labourer, was I to have no feeling for him?" One understands how Cobbett came to write that. To the labourer, as to the pre-War moujik, it must often seem that "God is in Heaven and the Tsar is far away."

Many of the best labourers, in some places most or all of the best labourers, are gone. But there are still in the countryside more labourers than farmers, parsons, or squires. When we turn from numbers to qualities, and consider grain and temper, then fret and burden and sorrow seem to have wrought more noticeably in the labouring class than in the other three classes of rural society. And, measured by a scale of real morals and manners, and, if you like—not to go so very far back—descent, the labouring folk do not markedly fall behind their better-off neighbours. Physique and bearing, in which scanty and poor food, odious housing, and lack of leisure and opportunity tell their tale, are the only

things in which there is not much of a muchness, in matters of importance, among farm workers, farmers, parsons, and squires.

But the human heart, as we have all thankfully to acknowledge, is incurably romantic.

So our minds are not on the real labourer, any more than they are on the real farmer, the real parson, or the real squire. Our minds hold a picture of a queer or a comic labourer, or, if we are politicians, of a voter-labourer. Let me but write now one sentence on the labourers' or the labourers' sons' or daughters' baseness, and I jar your feelings. But if I call upon your reason, you are likely to agree, I think, that moral feebleness, showing itself in slyness, silly chicanery, and paltry malevolence, is as likely to fit into a truthful account of some labouring men and women as all that is pleasant and brave and of good hope in the walk and conversation of their class. Good-hearted and enlightened masters and mistresses—no novices from town who took curtsies and councillorships for granted, and imagined that benevolent membership of a village club or women's institute was a key to village life—have sad things in their memories.

But the wells of understanding and compassion are not thereby dried up. The water renews itself from a sure spring. Hope for the future is based on sympathetic understanding; not on seeming, but on observed facts and the known history of the labourer and of human nature.

\* \* \* \*

"She died of consumption in a room on a damp brick floor with no chimney." That is how old Joe's wife died.

An old bed-ridden labourer of high character and marked undeveloped ability passed away last week. He had over his mantelpiece a certificate testifying to his ploughman skill. He once said to me: "Maister, 'e told another fairmer times, he did, 'Aye,' says 'e, 'Billy's worth a pun a week to me, that's wot 'e is.' But he nivver give me a pun. He nivver give it me. I nivver had no pun. I nivver had but twel' shillun' and then thirteen, nobbut twel' shillun and then thirteen."

Last month the same man, as he lay dying, heard of the five shillings a week rise in wages for the county, bringing the least competent worker's pay up to 30s. a week—but the farmers have countered by doubling rents and getting "permits" to pay lower wages to elderly men—a sum far beyond what he had ever hoped for when he struggled stoutly for himself and others by the side of Joseph Arch. The tears ran down his face.

After a little, in a voice which, if humbled, was full of courtesy, he said he "was wore out, wore out truly, mortil weary and wishful for an end."

This man had worked hard and honourably—if his work had been lawyering or preaching one would have written with distinction—from childhood until, in his seventies, he could work no more. But for his leaving of the world he had not been able to get for himself the quiet and seclusion that many a dying animal is able to secure. There was no decent sanctuary for his last mortal frailty and dolour. In an ill-flagged room, where there was coming and going, eating and cooking, and wearying talk, he faced as best he could an experience of which he felt all the awesomeness. Because his life had been one long as-best-he-could, he did it.

"Was I not to feel indignation," asked Cobbett, "against those who had degraded the class to which they owed their ease?" William Hampson, in his delirium, insisted on having his fork stood up by his bedside and his hedge hook laid on his bed cover,

"handy-like," and moaned his anxiety to bring the work of some overtasked day of the 'sixties to such a finish as should satisfy his craftsman instincts. William Hampson had been abominably oppressed by a social system with which many people still see little real fault.

And what of Joe Lister, who "took to drink soon as he was married," because he married into squalor that, had parson and school and masters and mistresses done their part, need never have been?

Or Sarah Hobbs, who, when she had to lock up her cottage to go for a day's work in the fields, used to take her children's dinner to the bottom of her slatternly garden and shut it up safe for them in the stinking closet? Who felt responsibility for her?

Or for the young labourers who write in for jobs on the railway but get no reply, for, said the minor official, "We don't need to see 'em; their little i's and their messin' of their spellin' tells what they're like"—the abandoned of the community since they left education behind them at fourteen?

Or for Shepherd Harry, whose mind it had been nobody's business to draw out beyond the point at which he was unable to say much more of his calling than that "no man 'ave seen more 'bortions than I 'ave"?

Or for young Jonas, who, with his parents' complaints of the old days of compulsory beans and bacon in his mind, would never plant beans in his garden: "Beans," he said, "is nought but muck to our 'ouse"?

Or for the labourer's daughter-servant girls who are without a home tradition of self-respecting honesty, of wise thrift, of tidiness, or of pride of work; and their brothers, who lack honour, largely because, as we know very well, as a high Tory, recalling the days of his youth, remembers,\* "miserably low wages were supplemented by the rates," and the labourer "was a mere serf tied to his parish, entirely in the hands of the farmer"?

"The Poor Law," Mr. Fowler declares, "has engendered the utter thriftlessness which led to the downfall and almost to the destruction of the principle of independence. It has destroyed many of the most honourable feelings of domestic life."

But there is no need to go to a book. It was of these feckless, slippery young men and women's own grandfather that William Hampson once spoke to me: "If ever a poor man had bitter 'ardships 'twere 'e. A big family he had and ten shillun' a week. No wunner eggs don't stay, they say, in nesteses where they Pudseys be."

Of all the burdens by which the labouring class are harassed, however, none is more hurtful than their cast-off notions of their more fortunate "betters." Like "squitch," cast aside instead of burnt up, these out-of-date beliefs and sanctions, abandoned a generation or two generations ago, took root in the cottages alongside the driftwood of old farmhouse and great house furniture. These rags of a stale mentality are the last indignity borne by the labouring class. A long time passes before the newcomer to the country realizes in what a different world of ideas and customs so many of the people of the cottages live. Think of the Neolithic beliefs of the mother of a large family, distinguished for its skill at whist drives, and for taking three Sunday papers, who said of a weakling baby whose twin sister had died, "Ah, the baby won't thrive none till the dead 'un be rotted." Think of the young stockman brought up so unbelievably that when, at the first-aid class, he saw in the teacher's oleographic wall picture what a human inside was like he fainted.

\* \* \* \*

It seemed so precisely suitable to our clamant needs when the hamlet was invited, by a tacked-up bill about

\* J. K. Fowler in "Echoes of Old Country Life."

a bazaar in the next parish, to support the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

It was not of that bazaar that someone was writing to me when he said, "I shall never forget the joy on old Joe's face nor the sparkle in the eye of old Hephzibah."

And when, one Sunday afternoon, a famous, but, to our hamlet, wholly unknown, visitor read very simply the account of the death of Socrates, a heathen heard of for the first time, one girl cried, and another said to her mistress afterwards, "Please, 'm, would the master, do you think, kindly lend me that book that has in it about that man, for I'd like to read the rest of his life?"

One night, in another experiment, a great 'cellist played to labourers' families scraps of the best music. "Aye, sir," said a labourer, "that *were* music. I could have set another hour." What the 'cellist said afterwards was, "I never had so *beaming* an audience."

Our state, as we say in our speech, is "easier felt than telt."

H. C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE PROTOCOL AND THE GERMAN OFFER.

SIR,—I find it difficult to understand the real meaning of the difference which in your view exists between the German proposal for a security pact and the proposals of the Geneva Protocol. If I have grasped it aright, you hold that the German offer consists of two parts: first, obligations not to go to war against her Western neighbours, supported by sanctions; second, obligations not to go to war against her Eastern neighbours, unsupported by sanctions.

A pact which enshrines such an extraordinary arrangement will arouse suspicion. What is the reason for the distinction between the German promises not to go to war in the West and not to do so in the East? Simply that Great Britain cannot face the "military commitments" which sanctions in the East might entail. But there can be no sanctions, and therefore no military commitments, unless Germany violates her undertaking. In other words, we expect her not to do so. We believe she is "sincere and honest," as Mr. Chamberlain says, about the West: we do not believe she is "sincere and honest" about the East. So we propose to leave her full liberty to break her word and to go to war against Poland in her own good time.

Some people will think this wisdom from the British point of view: that, as you say, is the whole argument against the Protocol. But can *anyone* expect Poland to place confidence in German promises which *we* do not trust? Can anyone expect Poland to disarm and liberalize her policy towards her German neighbours on such a slender basis?

And is it seriously proposed that Germany, having become a Member of the League, should solemnly contract, on her own initiative and proposal, never to go to war against her neighbours, and yet that she should be free to break this contract without bringing the sanctions of the Covenant into play?

Let us at least understand clearly what is meant.—Yours, &c.,

E. BEDDINGTON BEHRENS.

[It seems necessary to observe in the first place that the German proposals have not yet reached the stage of an elaborated scheme, with precisely defined obligations, like the Geneva Protocol. We do not even know their text; we have only the general accounts given by Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Herr Stresemann to go upon. From these accounts, some parts of what is proposed emerge in a fairly definite form, and seem to us full of promise; other parts are left extremely vague. Mr. Behrens ignores the former altogether, concentrates on the latter, gives them a definite and rigid content which is, to say the least, premature, and

on this assumption argues that they are insincere, and that we know them to be so. The effect is to represent the German proposals in an unfavourable light. We cannot believe that Mr. Behrens would approach them in this spirit if it were not his primary object to make debating points in favour of the Protocol. The German offer is primarily an offer not to Poland but to France. Germany offers not only to abstain from war about her Western frontiers, but to accept them as a settled fact; in Mr. Chamberlain's words "to renounce all desire for change." Nor is that all. To quote Mr. Chamberlain again, Germany invites a pact which shall guarantee not only the territorial *status quo* in the West, but "the fulfilment of Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles." These are the Articles which provide for the permanent demilitarization of the Rhineland, and Germany's offer on this point is, therefore, of the utmost practical importance. If France could rely on the fulfilment of Articles 42 and 43, she would obtain nearly as much "security" as she can obtain by occupying the Rhineland for ever. The trouble is that she does not now feel that she can rely on this. She does not trust Germany to observe them, when the occupation is at an end; nor does she trust us to make common cause with her, if Germany should violate them. [Article 44 gives us a *casus belli*, if Germany should break these undertakings, but does not oblige us to take action.] This lies at the root of France's reluctance to evacuate Cologne to-day. The spontaneous German offer to observe these Articles, coupled with the suggestion that their enforcement should be part of the pact of guarantee, puts a different complexion on this crucial problem. The security which France might obtain from some such arrangement would be of service to her, not only in the unlikely event of a dispute about Alsace-Lorraine, but in a dispute originating about Poland or any other matter. In view of the fact that the question of the Rhineland is to-day the chief stumbling-block in Franco-German relations, it is surely fair to say that the German offer on this point ought to be explored in the most sympathetic spirit possible.

It is in relation to these Western matters that the German offer is definite. This is its main gist; it is here that its chief promise lies. Everything else is tentative and vague. Germany knew that she could not make an offer about her Western frontiers without being asked what she intends about her other frontiers. She states accordingly that she cannot renounce the hope of altering these by peaceful means, though she will not seek to do so by means of war. This declaration may be perfectly sincere, and not devoid of value; but it is pressing it much too far to construe it as the offer of a definite, rigid undertaking to abstain from war over these frontiers for all time and in all circumstances whatsoever, no matter what the provocation, or what the justice of her case. Such an undertaking would, we agree, be insincere, because no German Government could feel any sort of confidence that the Germany of the future would live up to it. But we can see no warrant for assuming that this is what Germany means. The only definite proposal made in this connection is that Germany is willing to conclude arbitration treaties with her neighbours on the lines of her existing treaty with Switzerland. It has been stated that this treaty provides for the arbitration of all disputes; but this is not the case. It provides for the arbitration of what are called "justiciable" disputes, and for the submission of other disputes to a process of conciliation—i.e., inquiry and report (which is not in the least binding) by a Board of Conciliation. In other words, it is based on the principles not of the Protocol but of the Covenant, and speaking more generally, we think it rash to read into the German offer, so far as it relates to Poland, anything beyond what a sincere acceptance of the Covenant would imply. Germany's entry to the League would, indeed, be the most satisfactory way of implementing this part of her offer. Surely Mr. Behrens would see nothing "sinister" or extraordinary in that.—ED., NATION.]

### THE LATE SIR FREDERICK TREVES AND VIVISECTION.

SIR,—In the debate in the House of Lords on the Dogs' Protection Bill, Lord Knutsford quoted the following words written by the late Sir Frederick Treves, presumably in a

letter addressed to his Lordship: "No one could be more keenly aware than I am of the great benefits conferred on suffering humanity by *certain researches* carried out by means of vivisection." It must not, however, be inferred from this that Sir Frederick lent his countenance and support to *all* vivisectional experiments as carried out in this country. On the contrary, there were many of which he entirely disapproved. I have now before me a letter from him, dated May 27th, 1906, addressed to me at the House of Commons, not as a personal friend, for I am sorry to say I had not that honour—having only seen him three times on professional matters—in which he indicates what were the "certain researches" to which he was doubtless alluding, by saying that "the treatment known as serum-therapy is founded upon vivisection experiments and has been [in his opinion] the greatest boon to mankind." He goes on, however, to say that "the controversial methods of the Anti-Vivisection party" had been, as he conceived, "the chief obstacle in the way of a sensible estimate of the value of experiments upon animals, and of eliminating a class of experiment of which very many medical men do not approve"; and he concludes by saying that "one day a temperate and liberal-minded anti-vivisectionist will appear, and then, I think, you will be surprised at the result!"

It is true that Sir Frederick asked me to regard this letter as confidential, for the reason that (to use his own words) "I am most anxious not to be drawn into this bitter controversy"; and that request I have scrupulously observed until now. But now, unhappily, Sir Frederick Treves is beyond the reach of all controversy, and since *cessante ratione cessat et lex*, and, more particularly, since Lord Knutsford does not hesitate to quote in public from a letter written by him, I think no exception can be justly taken to my making the above quotations, which show, at any rate, that this great surgeon disapproved, as did "very many (other) medical men," of certain forms of vivisectional experiment, and looked forward to the advent of "a temperate and liberal-minded anti-vivisectionist," with results so important that he thought they would surprise me. Alas! I fear I shall not live to see those wished-for results, but, meantime, I think it is eminently desirable that not only "the truth," but "the whole truth," concerning the attitude of Sir Frederick Treves towards the question of vivisection should be made known. That is but doing justice to his memory.

May I be allowed to add yet another word or two? Lord Milmay of Flete said, in the course of the debate, that the experiments made on dogs were "painless." May I respectfully ask his lordship how he knows that? But a short time before Sir Frederick Treves addressed his letter to me, viz., on March 12th, 1906, I put a question in the House of Commons to the Home Secretary concerning some experiments on sixteen dogs, in which the experimenter had introduced "septic bacilli," together with one or more gall stones, through wounds two or three inches long, into the gall bladders of these dogs, the interior of which had been previously scraped by a knife—there to remain for periods varying from fourteen to seventy days. These experiments were described in the Official Returns as "painless aseptic operations"! The result of my question, however, was that when the next Returns were issued no distinction was made, as had theretofore been done, between "painful" and "painless" operations, the Home Secretary stating, in answer to a further question (June 28th, 1906), that "it was found impracticable to make a separation between painful and painless experiments. In some cases it is impossible for anyone, even the operator or observer, to say whether pain is caused or not"! All this can, of course, be verified by reference to "Hansard" of the dates in question—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

#### RURAL INDUSTRIES.

SIR,—We notice in the Press of Monday, April 6th, a report of a speech by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith to the annual meeting of the Sutton Courtenay Village Hall, in which the following passage occurs:—

"In the old days, large numbers of village industries, apart from agriculture, were carried on by manual labour, before the advent of machinery and steam power, which gave diversity of occupation and vigour to village life, which was an asset to the country. They could not bring back that state of things. In industrial history, as in other history, it was impossible to retrace footsteps."

We cannot, of course, bring back sixteenth-century conditions in the twentieth century, and no sensible person wants to try to. But is there still such a natural and overpowering tendency towards centralization and urbanization that any attempts to revive rural industries are based on forlorn and futile hope? If we look forward to the time when twentieth-century industry, both in town and country, adapts itself to twentieth-century conditions, the re-establishment of country industries supplementary and alternative to agriculture seems not only desirable, but quite within the realms of probability and worthy of effort.

For example, while steam power during the last century and the commercial advantages of large-scale factory production centralized industry and population in the towns, to-day the petrol and gas engine, the motor lorry and the cheap car, as well as high urban costs, are working in some degree in favour of the country. These and the provision of cheap electric power in country districts—and the latter is surely not a forlorn hope—may become important factors in the decentralization of industry, and the revival of country life. Mr. A. W. Ashby in his "Rural Problem" wrote: "The essential problem of the decentralization of industry is one for the engineer; it is that of the decentralization of power at low costs."

Again, listen to Mr. Henry Ford, usually considered the apostle of the latest methods of mass production: "The belief that an industrial country has to concentrate its industries is not, in my opinion, well founded. That is only a stage of industrial development. . . . Industry will decentralize. . . . A great city is really a helpless mass. Everything it uses is carried to it. It lives off the shelves of the stores. The city cannot feed, clothe, warm, or house itself. . . . And finally, the overhead expense of living or doing business in the great cities is becoming so large as to be unbearable."

The country is not at present such an industrial desert as many townsmen tend to think, though the progressive depletion of village craftsmen is serious enough. In 1921, there were in England and Wales 3,340,000 occupied people in rural districts, or some 2,340,000 apart from those engaged in agriculture. Of small country businesses there were over 11,000 smithies, 4,700 wheelwrights' shops, 3,100 master saddlers, 13,000 carpenters' shops, about 4,000 cabinet makers. These represent only a small proportion of the total population; but they are important in our country life, not only because many of them are essential to agriculture, but also because they form on the whole a skilled, independent and self-respecting class of men working for themselves, intermediate between rural employers and their labourers.

It appears to us a short-sighted view to forecast their eventual extinction. For example, the blacksmiths and wheelwrights need not necessarily die out because horses and horse-vehicles are used much less than they were. Smiths remember that they are traditionally mechanics and metal workers, and many of them, equipped with simple but modern implements and small power units, are doing repairs to farm tools and machinery with as much or greater efficiency and with much more convenience to the farmer than the town garage.

With the introduction of the lathe, bandsaw, mechanical power, and welding plant, the village metal- and wood-worker is learning to hold his own, and should again be able to attract apprentices. A wise community is surely right in trying to facilitate and accelerate the change in his methods and outlook, by providing the technical and commercial advice which the village craftsman needs, as well as the same credit facilities as are offered to the farmer.—Yours, &c.,

SHAFTESBURY,

Chairman of the Committee.

Rural Industries Bureau,  
258-262, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.  
April 14th, 1925.

#### THE VICTORIANS.

SIR,—Mr. Richard Aldington attacks the Victorians with an *amour propre* and a bitterness which is not uninteresting. He states "spiritual modesty" was not one of their virtues and the survivors regard the Georgians as "vulgar, ignorant, and sensational." Let us substitute

"cynical," for the Victorians believed in something—a declaration of faith.

The faults of Dickens are ascribed to smugness, "greed," and "shame" of his "inartistic" age. What of the Georgian Age—and the greatest tragedy in history, which sent the poor lost boys to their doom and their mute appeal? The authoress of "Cousin Phyllis" and "Wives and Daughters" is "thin, puritanical, and sentimental." The soulless Chesterfield is preferred to Trollope—whose suffrages increase. Landor, so perfect to soothe, fascinate, and control, is "not a creator"—

"Tanagra! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully-storey'd streets."

But what a gallery of men and women: Dickens, Thackeray, C. and E. Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, George Borrow, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Louis Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling; Newman, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Walter Pater. Would the writers of to-day be the worse for just an occasional dose from them?

There is a trio of acknowledged men, Conrad, Galsworthy, E. M. Forster; but if Mr. Aldington can give us the surpassing Georgians, who can put the best thoughts in the best words and order dyed with personality, and create immortal characters, who can wield the pen, then we can hail and discuss.

There is one sentence ought to be corrected—"observed from the latitude of Cambridge." Q has two more permanent latitudes, I hazard. He was born "Far from the madding crowd" in the Delectable Duchy, and is a son of Oxford.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLFARD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

[Mr. Aldington replies:—

"I do not think the *amour propre* in my review, in THE NATION of the 4th inst., was excessive. I think this age has an advantage over the Victorian because it refuses to declare its faith in humbugs.

"One of my greatest objections to the Victorian age is that its soulless greed and stupidity made 1914 possible, indeed inevitable. It was the Victorians who sent us to war, not we them.

"I did not say that Mrs. Gaskell was 'thin, puritanical, and sentimental'; I said one of her books was.

"What Trollope's 'suffrages' have to do with Chesterfield's prose is not revealed to me.

"I did not say Landor was 'not a creator,' I said he was 'not a creator of character.' I admire Landor.

"Does Mr. Gillbard seriously think that I am ignorant of the sixteen authors he names? On the contrary, I have read almost all the works of all of them, except Thackeray, Mr. Kipling and Newman.

"I fancy Q and I understand each other better than Mr. Gillbard supposes.

("Apropos, I withdraw the remark about Petrarch; Q was referring to English imitators, not to the great Italian poet.)

"I think—if I may venture the suggestion—that Mr. Gillbard is not very familiar with contemporary literature of the best kind. I find quite a lot to admire in (for example) Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Osbert and Sachie Sitwell, Aldous Huxley, and 'others,' as they used to say in Victoria's days, 'too numerous to mention.'"]

#### "CHINESE ART."

SIR,—Mr. Roger Fry's remarks on "Sculpture" in his review in your issue of the 11th inst. are exactly to the point.

Chinese sculpture as a whole (in the same way as Indian) is a phenomenon which entirely transcends that part of it which arose from Buddhism.

To the three great growths of sculpture, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, modern knowledge urges us to add Indian and Chinese; but, when this is done, Buddhist sculpture in the East (despite what is perhaps its most harmonious expression at the hands of the Khmers in Cambodia) need not, I think, any more than Christian sculpture in the West, be made to usurp the position so rightfully occupied by any of these five great parent stems.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Brook, 8, Percival Road, East Sheen, S.W. 14.

April 13th, 1925.

#### "THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES."

SIR,—A movement to apply the principles of philosophy to the present unsettled conditions of political, industrial, and social life has at last materialized. It has taken the form of an organization called "The British Institute of Philosophical Studies," and the first Council meeting was held yesterday, April 6th, in the Parliament Chamber, Middle Temple Hall. The Council includes all the prominent thinkers of the day, without distinction of creed or party, and also the leaders of religion, politics, finance, industry, and commerce. It is very strongly felt that the time has come to attempt to apply the principles of truth as an antidote to the spirit of unrest which has permeated every sphere of thought and activity, and that, allowing for all the differences between leaders of thought, there is a sufficient unanimity on points of fundamental principle to enable this campaign to be undertaken with very great advantage to the nation.

Lord Balfour is the President of the new organization. Professor L. T. Hobhouse is the Chairman of the Council, the Master of Balliol is the Deputy Chairman of the Council, and I am the Chairman of the Executive Committee. The following are the members of the Executive Committee:—

The Master of Balliol.	Mr. Julian Huxley.
Mr. F. C. Bartlett.	Mr. H. J. Laski.
Professor C. D. Broad.	Sir Lynden Macassey.
Dr. Wm. Brown.	Professor J. H. Muirhead.
Miss Edgell.	The Hon. Bertrand Russell.
Mr. E. Garcke.	Lady Rhonda.
Dr. Ginsberg.	Sir Charles Sherrington.
Professor Dawes Hicks.	Professor Spearman.
Professor L. T. Hobhouse.	Miss Stebbing.
Professor F. B. Jevons.	

Any further information you desire I shall be glad to have placed at your disposal if you would be kind enough to communicate with Mr. S. E. Hooper, M.A., Secretary to the Institute, at his temporary offices at 88, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2 (Telephone: Holborn 1220).—Yours, &c.,

LYNDEN MACASSEY.

#### CANCER AND DIET.

SIR,—As a deep student of dietetics and the author, although a layman, of a little book on the subject, I have read with much interest your reviewer's criticism (THE NATION, March 21st) of Mr. Reinheimer's book. While it does not do for anyone to dogmatize—especially on such a subject as cancer—I am inclined to agree with the author of the book in his contention that investigators and research workers should concentrate more upon the effect of diet in the causation of disease than upon a search for a germ or a microbe.

It would, I think, be extremely interesting to learn from an authoritative source what types of individuals are most subject to this terrible scourge. Some people, it is presumed, are naturally predisposed to the disease, just as some people are subject to rheumatism, some to digestive ailments, others to diseases of the chest, and so on. What, it may be asked, is the scientific explanation of this seeming anomaly? Is it to be found in the fact that human beings differ in chemical make-up almost as much as they differ in physical structure and mental ability? We know that the human body is a chemical composition of various chemical elements: and we also know that these same elements are present in natural foods in a highly organized form and in certain proportions. An excess or deficiency of one or more of the elements leads in time to a distinct change in the chemistry of the body, depending more or less on the element which is in excess or deficient.

It would appear, therefore, that health is mainly a question of maintaining the chemical balance of the body by supplying it with natural foods. Disease, on the other hand, is the outcome of neglect in this respect either through ignorance of foods or the laws of sane living. Speaking from a personal point of view, I have found from experimentation upon myself that health and sickness is largely a matter of right or wrong food.—Yours, &c.,

P. RONALEYN GORDON.

Row, Dumbartonshire.

## PAUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE."

CHAPTER II. (continued).\*

AS they all rode forward the Greek asked Paul politely if he objected to his company.

"I gathered from your exhortation to your servant that you are a Jew, and, like most of your countrymen, you may prefer to travel alone."

The note of raillery was still in his voice, but Paul ignored it, and answered with courtesy:

"I am a Jew, it is true, but I do not live in Judea, and I am also a Roman Citizen."

"Indeed?" The Greek's mockery dropped from him. "And from which province do you come? I hear from your accent that you are not from Greece."

"I am a native of Tarsus," said Paul.

"Tarsus? I have never been there, though I have sometimes made a deal in Cilician groats."

"You are a corn merchant, then?" Paul asked.

"Corn, yes, and many other things. I travel to and fro between Syria and Corinth, where I belong. My companions are merchants, too, and we trade in company. As you will see from our bales we have been to the wool market in Jerusalem. It is a great market, and I must say that you Jews are good men of business. You are our only serious competitors. The ambition of every Roman is to become a Knight, not to be a good merchant, and the Egyptians are too narrow and mean to do large trading."

Paul saw that the man was more interested in expressing what was in his own mind than in finding out what was in the minds of others, so he did not interrupt, but listened politely while the Greek ran on, talking first of one thing and then of another.

"The Romans are taking over this country in good earnest," he said. "No doubt you agree with me that they are not thinkers, but they give us good roads. But I forget. You are a Citizen of the Empire, and indeed I am myself. But we may agree that they are an uncultivated people. They will bring you water to Jerusalem. Curious, is it not, that there are no springs there when there are so many on this road to Joppa? Between ourselves, Pilate is a bad lot, but he has his ideas. He will make you pay for his aqueduct, but you will get the water. Gossip in Jerusalem says that he means to take the treasure from the Temple. I hope your people won't rebel again over that. These constant rebellions close the roads and spoil trade."

Paul said that he had seen no signs of rebellion amongst his friends in Jerusalem, but that the rebellions in Syria generally swept up suddenly from Galilee, and the Jews in the capital often did not know of them. The Greek's mind suddenly veered into curiosity.

"You have many friends in Jerusalem? Yes? You are not a merchant, are you? You do not look like one, and you travel light without bales. But your mules are good."

"I am neither merchant nor soldier," said Paul. "I am a scribe."

"Scribe? What is that?" asked the Greek.

Paul explained that he might be called a lawyer if the Greek pleased, but that as his concern was with the Law of God only they might not mean the same thing.

"You pay no attention to the Law of man then?" asked the Greek.

"Only to bring it into accord with the Law of God," Paul replied.

"But can you do that?" cried the Greek. "Then you are indeed a good man and will not be neglected by the Gods. Though my difficulty is to know what are the Laws of the Gods. Take this case about oil at Antioch now. The Jews there are tying up all the trade of the country because they will not use oil prepared by foreigners. They say that their God has forbidden them. But how can that be? The Gods do not make distinctions between nations like that. I do not say that they may not have their favourites, but to prevent trade between nations! It is impossible."

"But the God of the Jews is the only God, and he did give his people Laws," Paul said. "That one was to prevent our people from being corrupted by the false Gods worshipped by the tribes round them. When we were a young people we were weak and adopted the evil customs of the heathen if we traded with them."

"But how can that apply now, when all the world is coming under one Empire?" replied the Greek. "Is one member to say that another is too wicked to be traded with? Our Gods used to be exclusive, too, but we have changed all that now."

"But your Gods are not true Gods," Paul cried. "Do you expect the one true God will alter his Holy Law to increase the trade of the Empire? There is only one God, and all the nations of the world must worship him in time."

"Everybody says that of his own God," said the Greek. "But it may be so for all I know. I don't say that it isn't. I constantly say we have far too many Gods. That Temple of yours always impresses me, though I've never been able to get into the part where you celebrate your mysteries. No matter what the people at home say of you, I always tell them that you are not atheists. You may worship in an empty Temple, but it is fine enough to hold any God. Though, from what I learn as I trade with your people, your God makes some devilish uncomfortable Laws. I don't wonder you travel ail over the Empire or anywhere else to escape from them."

"But we carry them with us wherever we go," Paul cried. "And God has promised us eternal life if we fulfil them."

"Has he?" asked the Greek. "That is worth looking into. I love my life and would do a great deal to prolong it. You seem to know all about these things. But I beg your pardon, of course you would, if you are a scribe. You are a philosopher also, I think, are you not?"

"I am not what you Greeks would call a philosopher. I am a missionary to the Empire."

"Trying to carry your Law all over the world? Well, it is not a bad plan. But do you make any sort of a living at it?"

"My father has enough," Paul said. "He is a merchant also, and specializes in haircloth from Cilicia. But we scribes are not allowed to take payment for our teaching. I have been taught a trade by which I could earn my living. I am a tentmaker."

"A tentmaker, are you? . . . But you look quite well off?"

"My father is rich," said Paul.

"Well, at any rate, your God is better than the Gods of Egypt," said the Greek. "I would like to hear more of him. There is a fellow travelling with us now. . . ."

\*The two parts of Chapter I. appeared in THE NATION of March 7th and 14th; and the first part of Chapter II. on April 11th.

he asked to come for the sake of safety. He travels in perfumes. Why, he worships cats. I will call him if you are interested."

By this time they had reached Emmaus. The hills on each side were terraced for vines, and the apple-trees in the orchards were in full flower. Paul explained that he must turn off here, as he had arranged to stay to rest. The Greek was reluctant to part from him. But his camels had gone on before and he did not wish to turn the whole train back again. They must by this time have reached beyond the bridge which the Romans were building over the stream in the ravine.

"Cannot you catch us up there, and we can talk as we go?" said the Greek. "Or if that is impossible, we are sleeping the night at Modin, and could meet again at the inn there. I am a lover of philosophy and I will bring you the Egyptian."

Paul agreed, and so it was arranged. The Greek rode on to join his caravan and Paul went to the house of the muleteer's brother.

*(To be continued.)*

### IN DULL DEVONSHIRE.

THE Rev. Robert Herrick was an amiable man. He had as round and red a face as any ripe apple that grew in his large orchard, while his body was as huge as one of the three great cider barrels that he had in his cellar.

Mr. Herrick was a rector with the charge of all the souls who lived in Penny Morey, besides those who lived in Half-penny Morey, a lesser hamlet near by that Mr. Herrick had the care of.

When Mr. Herrick prayed for anything else than that all the people in the world should love one another, it was always that this wicked globe should be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, into a fine ripe cider apple, and allowed to lie under his orchard trees until November came in, and then squeezed out in a cider press and passed into the three huge casks in his cellar, that held no less than three hundred gallons apiece.

Mr. Herrick was never married, unless it were to the great mug that he drank from that was prettily decorated with vine leaves which formed the letters of one strange word "Trinc."

There was but one good thing that could be said about the morals of Penny Morey, and this was that the country manners of Half-penny Morey were the worse of the two.

The young women, as well as the old, in each village were as naughtily inclined as they could be, and any young man who visited there went home again as learned in all manner of badness as was possible to be.

Penny Morey lay hid in a secluded valley where the temperature was always mild. The low thatched cottages were shabby and tumbled, and the women stood at the doors and looked at one another, or at the men, who would be sure to wander idly to the Inn as soon as it was opened.

Even though Penny Morey was said to be the better place of the two, yet Julia Diner lived there, who had never been known to refuse a lover all the favour he desired.

Julia was a fine brisk creature, with a vast delight in life, and a presence so sportive and merry, and so amorously inclined, that Mr. Herrick would say that it was a pleasure to him to see anyone so loving.

In order to be sure that Julia brought all her children (for she had a whole pack of them) to the font, Mr. Herrick employed her at the Rectory, and though he never chid her for her ill doing, he would sometimes say, "Please to remember, Julia, that rabbits want feeding."

And Julia would fill her master's cup, laugh lightly, and say, "it should never happen again." When it

was winter, Mr. Herrick always longed for the spring to come, and the apple trees to blossom. And whenever April arrived and the blossoms came again, Julia would take his chair into the orchard and Mr. Herrick would sit there, and watch the pretty flowers of the fruit trees, while Julia, looking as lovely as they, brought his mug to him.

And as soon as she was gone, good Mr. Herrick—for nothing could be said against him unless it was that he could never bring himself to blame the village girls for being so naughty—would breathe the scent of the lovely blooms and hearken to the buzzing of the bees that gave the trees their fruitfulness; and so would sit each day until the blossoms fell.

He never could see them fall without feeling sorrowful, and so to comfort himself he would light a candle, set in a tall silver candlestick borrowed from the church altar, and go down the cold, slimy steps of his cellar, and take a great draught from one of the huge barrels, that he had named in all reverence and love after the three persons of the Holy Trinity.

Mr. Herrick never meant any harm by thus naming the barrels, and, indeed, by so doing he brought his thoughts to the Eternal; for whenever he let the rich juice of the apples run into the great cup he would always remember to say a prayer to the God he drew it from for the people whose souls he had the care of.

When a clergyman has a red and cheerful face, and has never been known to deny a glass and a bite to the poor of his parishes, it follows most naturally that the poor are his friends.

But no heart, however kind, is praised by all, and by some means or another the Archdeacon of the diocese came to hear that the two Moreys were like enough to deprave the whole country (for Julia's fame had reached beyond the valley) by their sins and misbehaviour.

To begin with, the Archdeacon was informed, by one who had seen it, that the people would set up a barrel upon the green and dance around it until the stars shone, and then wander away in couples into the orchards, where they would remain perhaps until the morning.

"And this bacchanal," said the informer, a modest curate from Somersetshire, who wanted a living, "is watched by Mr. Herrick, who is led down to the green by his servant, the wickedest of them all, and sits drinking in his chair until the company of wanton dancers depart to the groves. . . ."

A large motor-car, with an Archdeacon in it, isn't likely to enter a village, where no one has very much to do, without being noticed by some spying eyes.

And the way to Penny Morey, lying low, the road following the windings of the river, and sometimes crossing to the other side, and always choosing the place where the river runs the deepest, wasn't likely to help the Archdeacon to arrive seen of none, as he wished to do.

The Archdeacon, Mr. Pickard, hoped to surprise Mr. Herrick in some drunkenness or wantonness of living, so that he might be removed from his benefice and the meek curate installed in his place.

The car stopped dead in the river, and little Tony—one of Julia's—who was catching minnows, beheld the face of the Archdeacon; that frightened him so that he at once ran to tell his mother, who was at work at the Rectory, that a strange clergyman, who looked as cross as the devil in the picture book, was stuck in a great car in the river.

Mr. Herrick, who heard Tony's story, smiled pleasantly, and thought proudly that a high dignity of the Church was coming to visit him in order to say how pleased the Bishop was that by means of his, Mr. Herrick's, many prayers Penny Morey had at least become so much better in its morals than poor Half-penny.

"I am delighted to see the gentleman," said Mr. Herrick, rubbing his hands happily.

But Julia, who took quite another view of the visit than her master, who could never think that anyone meant to harm him, at once began to prepare, as a

captain would do when the enemy is coming, for the expected attack. She sent off Tony, with orders to gather together any idlers who could be found at the inn or elsewhere, and to bring them at once to the Rectory, while she set chairs in the dining-room as if for a Bible meeting, and placed Mr. Herrick, who thought it quite proper to be so occupied, in his chair before the table, upon which was set out a large family Bible and the altar candlestick.

A few moments after Julia had collected her company, and had told them what behaviour was expected from them in the Rectory dining-room, Archdeacon Pickard arrived, though without his car, and proceeded to knock at the door in a very ill humour.

He heard a Christmas hymn.

After that was over, Julia opened the door, looking as demure and modest as any well-grown maid could, that was bred in the country, and led Mr. Pickard into the dining-room where the people were—a pretty company of men, women, and children—just as Mr. Herrick was holding up both his hands to bless them in God's name.

The Archdeacon was very much surprised and by no means very well pleased by what he saw, for it had always been one of his chief delights to seek out the black shepherds and to discover their evil habits.

And here was this one, that he had come so far to catch, and wetted his car in the journey, preaching the Word upon a week-day to the mild and to the simple.

A little later, when Julia placed, at her master's command, a mug of cider before the visitor, that he pushed angrily away from him, Mr. Herrick couldn't help being a little surprised at the gesture, saying gently, "Perhaps you do not know, Mr. Pickard, that the best always comes from Him."

The Archdeacon coughed. "I hear," he said, sharply, "that the morals of Penny Morey are most sinful."

Mr. Herrick signed to Julia to bring in his own cup, and, after taking a drink, he rubbed his hands together in great glee—

"Half-penny is far worse than we," he shouted, laughing loudly; "we call ourselves good here."

Mr. Herrick drank again.

T. F. POWYS.

## FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

APPROPRIATELY during Eastertide, a film representing certain episodes of the Life and Passion of Christ is being shown at the Philharmonic Hall. Its title is "I.N.R.I.," and its origin is German. It is probably only a German film-producer who at present could have handled this story so well; its dramatic possibilities have been used and it has been made, at moments, very moving, but it is never sentimental and never becomes a mere sermon. It is treated in a perfectly realistic manner, without formalization. From the purely visual point of view, indeed, it is not so successful, as too little attention has been paid to the composition of the pictures and to the scenes. The latter are, in general, rather dull backgrounds instead of necessary parts of the picture. The acting is much above the average, especially in the rôles of Christ and of Pilate. The appearance of the former is borrowed from the Italian painters of the baroque period, but in spite of it the actor who takes the part gives a restrained, dignified, and virile rendering of it. The dramatic scene of the trial before Pilate is extremely well done.

An interesting theatrical experiment is shortly to be tried at Leeds. It is to be called The Leeds Civic Theatre. Except for "technical" work, its service will be voluntary, but the most startling feature is that admission will be free, and the promoters will rely upon collections in the theatre for meeting expenses. It will be interesting to see how this works. If a play is a

great success, the audience is sufficiently worked up, and the collection is taken at the psychological moment, the financial result might be surprising. All will depend financially upon timing the collection for that psychological moment. The promoters hope to give five productions during the winter months, and to get 5,000 persons to attend each. The producer will be Mr. J. R. Gregson, the author of "Young Imeson." The programme has not been settled, but may include "Œdipus Rex," "Everyman," and "The Machine Wreckers."

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 18th.—Max Beerbohm's Exhibition of Caricatures at Leicester Galleries.

Sunday, April 19th.—"Love's Labour's Lost," Fellowship Players, at Apollo.

"The Nature of the Evidence," at R.A.D.A. Theatre.

Edwyn Bevan on "Western Civilization," at 5, at Indian Students' Union.

Monday, April 20th.—"Beltane Night," at "Q" Theatre.

"The Torchbearers," at Ambassadors Theatre.

Ethelwyn Weager and Rae Robertson, Vocal and Pianoforte Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Tuesday, April 21st.—"Fallen Angels," at the Globe.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra," at Kingsway.

Winifred Fisher, Song Recital, at 8, at Æolian Hall.

Marthe Servine and Lilian Humphreys, Song Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Nigel Playfair and "Ian Hay" on "Is the Play the Thing or the Players?" at 5.30, at London School of Economics.

Wednesday, April 22nd.—"Ariadne," at the Haymarket.

Elgar's "The Kingdom," London Choral Society, at 8, at Queen's Hall.

Bertram Ayrton, Vocal Recital, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.

Friday, April 24th.—Minnie Hamblett and Kenneth MacRae, Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at 8.15, at Æolian Hall.

OMICRON.

## SAFETY.

With safe shod feet you touch  
The world whereon you pass,  
But to forget the grass  
Is to forget too much.

Behind your brow, your brittle  
And bubble thoughts are blown,  
But to know thoughts alone  
Is to know too little.

STELLA BENSON.

## EXPERIMENT.

ONE who aspired to madness

Built a wall

To prison the singing, strange,

And wanton world.

But wings that wanton had,

And, at her will,

She flew and ranged

The stars, and her song was wild.

So in the end he is sad

To know, being sane,

That no fine danger

Follows his menacing,

That he, throwing no new shadow

Before the sun,

Must die without changing

Even a bird's song.

STELLA BENSON.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## MODERN POETRY.

ANY reviewer will probably agree that modern poetry presents far greater difficulty to the conscientious critic than prose, whether the essay, the short story, or the novel. The more "modern" the poetry, the greater the difficulty. Here, may be, there suddenly pops up something which is obviously meant to be a serious poem, but which, at first sight and on ancient standards, has no form, no rhythm, no rhyme, no meaning. It is easy to put on the black cap, and, calling on the names of Alfred Tennyson and William Wordsworth, to pronounce all this nonsense and not poetry. And yet every now and again one feels that such pontifical condemnation is only age and mental inertia taking the line of least resistance—i.e., the line of resistance to everything which is new and difficult to understand.

With some such thoughts at the back of my mind, I gathered up and took away with me a sheaf of books just published which, it seemed, might throw some light on the position of modern poetry. First there was a distinguished and successful poet turned, for the moment, critic, for Mr. John Drinkwater in "The Muse in Council" (Sidgwick & Jackson, 7s. 6d.) writes on this question of modern poetry and on poets, ancient and moderately modern. There is much sound sense in what Mr. Drinkwater says, and his criticism of the ancients is interesting, if always a little trite and obvious. But his attitude towards the young revolutionaries in his own poetic territory immediately put me on the side of the poetic apes and Bolsheviks against Mr. Drinkwater and the angels. Mr. Drinkwater is on the side of tradition. I do not object to this; I see no reason why a man to-day, if his mood and mind happened to be turned that way, should not write great poetry in the direct line of tradition from Chaucer to Swinburne. But when Mr. Drinkwater goes on to say that the modern poet *must* write his poems in the traditional forms, that there is something lacking in his poetic "equipment" if he cannot say what he wants to say in the traditional five-foot iambic line, this seems to me, with all respect, *a priori* nonsense. *A priori* it is obvious that Mr. T. S. Eliot or Miss Edith Sitwell may have something to say which will not go into the traditional forms approved by Mr. Drinkwater, just as Shakespeare found that he had things to say which would not go into the blank verse of Kyd or Marlowe—and the history of literary criticism is full of examples of poets, execrated by contemporaries as Bolsheviks and the breakers of tradition, who have provided the traditional forms of the next generation.

But let us turn to the poets. These are a few books which I have read, and which I recommend others to read if they wish to see the direction which some of the younger poets are taking: "Troy Park," by Edith Sitwell (Duckworth, 5s.); "Masks of Time," by Edmund Blunden (Beaumont, limited edition, 25s. and 50s.); "Island Blood," by F. R. Higgins (Bodley Head, 5s.); "An Indian Ass," by Harold Acton (Duckworth, 5s.). None of these poets are negligible. They are genuine, and each has something to say which may not be simple, sensuous, and passionate, or even amenable to Mr. Drinkwater's Procrustes bed of the iambic line, but which, nevertheless, has within it the raw material of poetry. Of the four Mr. Blunden and Mr. Higgins are most traditional. Mr. Blunden, indeed, might pass all Mr. Drinkwater's tests. He remains a real poet, in the great tradition of the open-air, country, English poets. Like his predecessors, he becomes at his worst catalogic, but at his best, as in "A Transcrip-

tion," he can make something new and eternal once more inspire the ancient forms. Half of his present volume contains war poems. They are extremely interesting, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Blunden will publish others on the same theme which he appears already to have written. Mr. Higgins, again, is essentially a poet in the Irish tradition. His song is a little thin, and he has no such solid kernel of individuality as Mr. Blunden, but at least there is promise and freshness.

When we come to Miss Sitwell and Mr. Acton we are already up to the neck in modernity. One of the symptoms of modernity is unintelligibility. Miss Sitwell's meaning often escapes me, and I would not swear to understanding Mr. Acton when he sings:—

"The hedonistic unicorns,  
Who drive our chariots through the sky,  
Will lead you to our empery  
Of languid dappled crimson dawns."

That is no reason for dismissing either of them. Miss Sitwell plainly has something to say, or to sing, which she can only say, or sing, in her own manner. There is a poem in this volume, "Colonel Fantock," which ought to prove this to the most biased, and it ought also to prove that she is a genuine poet whose poetry can only come out through the form and manner which she has elaborated for herself. Mr. Acton, too, is extremely interesting, and, in some ways, the most promising of the four. The sins and virtues of extreme youth, which middle-aged poets and critics find it so hard to forgive, are written obviously all over his book. The moderns, Mr. Eliot and Miss Sitwell in particular, have influenced him more than is good. But there remains a fertility and virility of mind and song which is really impressive.

I should like to quote from Miss Sitwell and Mr. Acton in order to show the merits and possibilities of modern poetry, but I have not the space, and I want to draw attention to two points of danger. There is a tendency in modern poetry continually to be pulling us up with a jerk—a tendency against which in itself I have nothing to say. Mr. Drinkwater maintains that it is a good thing to call the sky blue; the moderns will call it, not blue, but green or hedonistic. Now the startling can become just as mechanical as the obvious, and there are dangerous signs in Miss Sitwell's writing of mechanical mannerism and a mechanical choice of startling comparisons and incongruous epithets. Mr. Acton, too, should, I think, be content to call the stars hispid only once in twenty pages. And this leads on to my second note of warning. The bane of traditional poetry has been the adjective, the poetic adjective. Things reached such a pass that writers seemed to imagine that poetry consisted simply in finding an adjective with "poetic associations" to be applied like a plaster to each substantive. The adjective ruined Rupert Brooke's poetry. It will ruin Miss Sitwell and Mr. Acton in the same way if they are not careful. They spatter their poems with fantastic adjectives and strange similes just in the same mechanical way in which the traditional poet spattered "blue" over his skies and the Swinburnian "wan" over his waves. "Bulbous clouds" and "guinea-fowl-plumaged rain" can become as tiresome as "wet winds" and "ravenous kisses." The modern poet should ration himself in adjectives, and I am sure that, if for a time he will allow himself only one adjective to every hundred nouns, he will enormously improve his poetry. At present, I imagine, the normal ratio is 150 adjectives to every hundred nouns.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## PIRANDELLO AGAIN.

**Each in his Own Way; and Two Other Plays.** By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Translated by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. (Dent. 10s. 6d.)

THE three plays in this volume are "Ciascuno a suo modo" ("Each in his Own Way"), "Il Piacere dell' onestà" ("The Pleasure of Honesty") and "Vestire gl' ignudi" ("Naked"). Why these three plays were chosen for translation, when they were written, how long it takes Pirandello to write a play—these, and all such practical questions, Dr. Livingston disdains to answer, although a general review of Pirandello's activity as a dramatist is now needed to help us to understand his work. For these three plays and the three plays of the earlier volume are all curiously alike; they are the work of a man whose mind is definitely made up, a man of intellect and not a man of feeling. This suggests that Pirandello has not primarily the temperament of the artist, for the artist is, on the whole, remarkable for his sensibility rather than for his logic. In his intellectual bias Pirandello resembles Mr. Shaw, but whereas Mr. Shaw's plays are a mass of opinions on all subjects, brilliantly expounded through his various mouthpieces, Pirandello's are as free from opinions as problems in chess. He places the characters on the stage, the rules of the game are the conventions of the society in which they live, the first move is given, and the game is worked out. The merit of the plays is that these games are astonishing exhibitions of the power of making ingenious combinations. Each game is a self-contained, invulnerable logical system, intensely satisfying to the intellect, and, as such, to some extent a work of art. But just as in a game of chess the player must have an objective or no game could be constructed, so Pirandello needs to have an end in view before he can construct a single one of these fascinating systems. What is that end? Well, briefly, Pirandello's purpose is to show us that we only know appearances, never reality. He takes a situation and gives in turn different and contradictory interpretations of it until nothing is left of the situation as it first appeared. But, strangely enough, his characters—although placed in the plot like chessmen placed upon the board and only allowed to move in certain narrowly defined directions—do come to life in their intense, if limited, activity. This is, perhaps, due to Pirandello's exceptional intellectual honesty and psychological penetration, for, if he does not allow his characters ever to speak without purpose, ever to step over the boundaries which he has, in advance, set for them, yet within those boundaries he can make them speak with the insight and understanding of real human beings. Take this speech, for example, put in the mouth of a mother whose unmarried daughter is going to have a child by a married man:—

"MADDALENA: Well, you put up with it for a time in silence—you listen to the voice of duty—you endure the torment—

"MAURIZIO: But at last the time comes—

"MADDALENA: Yes—and it comes when you least expect it! It is a beautiful night in May-time. . . . You go to the window . . . starlight . . . the fragrance of the flowers outside . . . but in your heart a grip of anguish, a flood of desperate tenderness for your daughter . . . and then comes a cry within you—'For once, at least, let all these stars be bright—let all these flowers be fragrant—for my daughter!' And you consent to a crime which every fibre of your being approves, but which to-morrow society and your own conscience will condemn! But you feel yourself filled then with a strange satisfaction—a pride that is willing to lift its head in the face of condemnation, even at that horrible price which to-morrow you must pay! Yes, my dear Setti—I know—there is no excuse for me. But extenuation—yes! I suppose I should have killed myself after that. But, no—one doesn't do that. On the morrow life is still there—life which, to subsist, needs all those things which we threw overboard in a moment of despair!"

This speech is an example of Pirandello's extraordinary dramatic cunning, for in spite of its plausibility, of its naturalness from the lips of a harassed mother making excuses for her conduct, it is really just a device not only for letting the audience know what has happened, but also for putting them in the right mood of sympathy with the heroine. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in Pirandello than his subtlety of approach to his theme. He always uses

indirect methods, but in spite of this the effect is never obscure or confused. Those who had the good fortune to see "Henry IV." performed by the A.D.C. at Cambridge will remember how, during the first Act, the hints and allusions kept coming together with all the apparent casualness of life, giving the scene an astonishing vividness. Never once did one feel that one was being told anything; one seemed to find it all out by oneself, and by the exercise of extraordinary intelligence. To produce this illusion calls for dramatic technical virtuosity of the very highest order. And Pirandello displays the same degree of virtuosity in the three new plays here translated. The translation, unfortunately, might have been better. Such an Americanism as the exclamation "My!" can ruin the atmosphere of a whole scene for the English reader; others, such as "cahoots," for example, are unintelligible; whilst the word "speeder" is a surprising instance of a failure in American slang when compared with the vivacity of our own "road-hog."

## SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND TWO BEES.

**A Biography of William Shakespeare.** By D. J. SNIDER. (Selwyn & Blount. 5s.)

**Shakespeare Commentaries.** Vol. I., Tragedies. Vol. II., Comedies. Vol. III., Histories. By D. J. SNIDER. (Selwyn & Blount. 5s. each.)

**Notes on the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays and Poems.** By B. E. LAWRENCE, LL.D. (Gay & Hancock. 15s.)

FOR what different purposes we study the works of the myriad-minded Shakespeare! Here is a scholar who reads him to find vestiges of Anglo-Saxon in his grammatical constructions. There is a retired barrister who gleans every legal phrase, and is firmly persuaded that no case was ever clearer than that Shakespeare was bred as a lawyer. Here a maiden lady with an innocent love of nature is collecting materials for a volume on Shakespeare as a botanist. There is an old Scotchman finding proofs that Shakespeare came from the canny side of the Tweed. The psychologist is unravelling Shakespeare's complexes. Mr. Churton Collins notes every passage that has the most obvious or the most remote classical parallel. Mr. Acheson has a detective's eye for certain dark ladies. Mr. Dover Wilson pores over Folio and Quarto to catch every derangement of the tiniest comma. Dr. B. E. Lawrence has been reading Shakespeare's plays for fifteen years so that he can prove that they were not written by Shaksper (I for one never imagined they were), but by Bacon.

It seems to me very dull and very useless, duller even than bridge or golf or the Homeric Question. And what do you gain if you do prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare? Do you enjoy the plays any the better? And then the rules of the game are so lax, too! Granted the logical lapses that Dr. Lawrence permits himself, one could prove that Shakespeare was written by Queen Elizabeth or Prince Rupert or almost anybody.

The fundamental error of all such crazy structures is this: that while we are thinking of Shakespeare as a lawyer, a statesman, a butcher, a classical scholar, a Welshman, an actor, a botanist, and what not, we forget that he was a poet. Shakespeare was a poet: that is the first thing to be said about him, and perhaps it is also the last. Whoever wrote words such as:—

"Love's stories, written in Love's richest book,"

or

"It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow,"

or

"I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more"

—whoever wrote these lines, and a thousand other such, had the gift of writing poetry, as whoever wrote "Macbeth" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had the complementary gift of fashioning his poetry into poetic unities. For, in spite of what Mr. Dover Wilson tells us, our artistic sense tells us, and will not be gainsaid, that the plays, though they may be fragments, patches, and chasms from structural, typographical and conjectural points of view, are nevertheless well-designed poetic wholes. And it is just this

power of poetry which, we contend, gives Shakespeare his supremacy. His skill in dramatic construction, his knowledge of character, his philosophy, his botany, might conceivably, each or all, have made him live, but the real reason for our worship of him, the real reason that we pour out treatises on every subject that has the remotest relevancy to him, is that we are, consciously or unconsciously, spell-bound by his poetry.

If this be so, it follows that any critic dealing with Shakespeare must have a sense of poetry and also some intuition, however vague, of the way in which a poet's mind works. It is the lack of this sense and of this intuition that vitiates much work on Shakespeare and that makes a book like Dr. Lawrence's quite futile. Dr. Lawrence evidently thinks, for example, that before Shakespeare could write "Love's Labour's Lost" he must have been to Navarre or had first-hand information from the Court of Navarre. But by this method, when we come to consider other plays, Shakespeare must also have been to Venice, to Illyria, to Athens, to Scotland, to Bohemia's sea-coast, to Prospero's Island, &c., &c. Is Dr. Lawrence prepared to prove that Bacon visited these places? Or that Milton went in the body to Heaven and Hell, or Keats to Latmus? Or that they had brothers resident in these localities who kindly supplied them with accurate notes of the fauna, flora, manners, and customs?

Dr. Lawrence allows nothing for the imaginative faculty in poets, and for aught that can be seen in this book is utterly devoid of it himself. He has read much in Elizabethan literature, but the Elizabethans do not live for him. He has never visualized the conditions under which an Elizabethan playwright had to work. He has not grasped the elementary principle that ideas grow and change and dwindle from age to age, so that democratic notions which for good or evil mean so much to any thinker since the French Revolution were for any thinker before the Revolution non-existent or existent only in a very different form. Surely it is time we heard the end of Shakespeare being an aristocrat or a democrat.

Dr. Denton J. Snider also has a bee in his bonnet. Its name is Institutional Ethics. He writes a very sprightly life of Shakespeare. His tricks of speech smack of Carlyle. But he has, too, a talent for seeing significant correspondences and connections which reminds us of Ruskin. He is sure that Shakespeare went to Italy. And, again, he does not accurately enough distinguish the actual life of the poet from the imaginative experiences into which the poet transmutes his personal experiences. But when we come to the Commentaries we are led to suppose, if we are blind enough, that Shakespeare wrote a magnificent series of dramas to preach to us the doctrines of Institutional Ethics, and make us duly reverent of the high, holy, and mystic virtues of the Family and the State. However, this bee does sometimes bring home some honey, and is even a poetic bee, like those we used to read about in Plato's "Ion." Witness the very good analysis of certain recurrent themes in "Romeo and Juliet."

LEWIS HORROX.

#### THE INFANT PRODIGY.

**The Psychology of a Musical Prodigy.** By Professor G. Révész. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

THE interest taken in Infant Prodigies does not seem, up till now, to have been of a very serious nature. A child of six conducting an orchestra or playing a difficult piece of music in a concert-room is an entertainment which is apt to be placed in the same category as a dog walking on its hind legs in a circus, and the people to whom this kind of performance most appeals are not likely to seek for any ulterior *éclaircissement*. Thus the chronicles relating to the manifestations of remarkable musical capacity in the very young have been vague, sentimental, and for the most part legendary.

In "The Psychology of a Musical Prodigy," Professor Révész records an examination, extending over a period of several years, of the child Erwin Nyireghyazi, and this is the first time that a musical prodigy has been subjected by a real professor to the microscope of psychological scrutiny.

"An attempt has been made," we are told in the pre-

face, "to portray the development of a richly endowed artist up to a certain definite period of his existence, to analyze his artistic and intellectual capabilities, and to unite these into an integral whole." And Professor Révész goes on to say that he hopes the results of the investigation may prove useful "not only in establishing general principles of artistic creation, but also in throwing some light on the mystery of evolution." These are, of course, somewhat ambitious hopes, and we must not be disappointed if, after reading the book, we are left with the impression that we are not much nearer the solution of these problems than we were before. With regard to the prodigy himself, however, there is no doubt that, during the period of observation, he gave evidence of the most remarkable powers, and Professor Révész was convinced that Erwin was not a mere "infant prodigy in the current meaning of the word," but that he was possessed of genuine musicality and destined to achieve permanent distinction in the world of music.

Nothing, unfortunately, is told us of Erwin's subsequent development. He left Europe for America in 1914 at the end of his eleventh year, and the investigations were broken off. It is possible that the child could bear this intensive psychological scrutiny no longer. And so, in spite of the Professor's confidence, we are left in doubt as to whether we have had before us a second Mozart or merely one of those strange phenomena who come into the world trailing clouds of glory, but end by trailing childish curls and Eton jackets into middle-aged mediocrity.

An isolated investigation such as this, although carried out with the greatest scientific efficiency, must necessarily be somewhat inconclusive, and has to be regarded as the first step towards a more comprehensive survey. As it is, one wishes that Professor Révész had devoted more space in his book to the discussion of the features that distinguish the various types of musical prodigy: the creative, the executant, the genuine musician, and the mere nine-years' wonder. It is these distinguishing features that seem to offer the most fruitful field for speculation, and we shall perhaps be nearer the solution of important problems when a number of studies have been collected and compared as in the Havelock Ellis works relating to abnormal sexual types. For the compilation of such a work it would perhaps be necessary to create a staff of international psychological detectives. Infant prodigies are rare, and are liable to waste themselves upon the desert air of unskilled observation. Nor do they show the same eagerness to unburden themselves to the psychologist as sexual perverts seem to do.

BERNERS.

#### FICTION.

**Caravan.** The Assembled Tales of JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**The George and the Crown.** By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

**An Affair of Honour.** By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

**Kept.** By ALEC WAUGH. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

**The House of Menerdus.** By A. C. BENSON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

ALL the novels on this list, various as they are in style and quality, have one unexpected attribute in common, and it is an attribute of so many novels at present that it may be regarded as of some importance. Mr. Galsworthy is, of course, infinitely the most significant of the writers represented. One short tale out of his bulky volume containing over fifty is of more importance than all the rest together. But his work is in one respect of the same kind as Miss Kaye-Smith's and Mr. A. C. Benson's, even of Mr. McKenna's and Mr. Waugh's. It is the work of a careful rather than a creative artist. It does not arrest us with the force of an individual æsthetic phenomenon possessing its own form, its own laws. We are always conscious while we read of the formula according to which it is made, and that formula having become by this time a general and a habitual thing, we feel it as a weight and not as an animating principle. Mr. Galsworthy's distinction is that, unlike many other writers, he put together his formula for himself; but he has ever since remained inexplicably faithful to it—inex-

plicably, for it cannot be regarded as a final convention, and it is so narrow that it probably stifles as much of his vision as it directs. The author of "Justice" has never been able to remain quite irreproachably within it. Had his deliberate objectivity been less strict, one feels that there would have been fewer of those naked, propagandist appeals to our hearts which we know so well to expect. Those appeals should have been conveyed through Mr. Galsworthy's art, and not in its despite. They should take us with the surprise of a reality within a reality, and not be enforced as a lesson indistinguishable from any other kind of lesson. But Mr. Galsworthy's formula was not large enough to embrace his attitude to the world as well as his vision, and the lesson had to be left outside. Yet if his form seems consistently inadequate to what he desires to say, if his work gives one almost as strong a sense of inhibition as of expression, he is a serious writer; his virtues are solid. We can see the world he has evoked objectively and recognize its validity.

About Miss Kaye-Smith one has not the same certainty. Her world leaves us continually in doubt: there is not in it the one decisive element—whatever it may be—which makes us recognize it as real. She takes her characters through great scenes; we begin to feel the exhilaration of watching an imaginative writer fearlessly mounting to a tragic issue; but at the crucial moment we are always disappointed. The scene is described, and we discover when it is finished that Miss Kaye-Smith has simply not risen to it. Her staging is grandiose; she can arrange a portentous situation and get all the necessary people on the spot; but she can do very little with them once they are there. Her imagination is loose and general, she lacks that intensity which is the same thing as exactitude; and yet she consistently gets her characters into places where only these will serve. Her formula carries her over this difficulty without touching it. That formula postulates that the English are so undemonstrative that even in tragic circumstances they will be taciturn. Yet in tragedy everything must be expressed—in however few words—or nothing is expressed.

The remaining volumes, too, are examples of a kind of novel rather than novels. Mr. Stephen McKenna's is an example of the elegantly gay and the gaily vapid, where impossible situations evoke an equally impossible sense of comedy. It is full of what is called good farce. "Kept" is a story of post-war London, and stories of that kind constitute by this time a class. Mr. Waugh's has the merit of naivety. There is so much gusto in the disillusionment of his characters that one cannot help feeling they enjoy it. There is a "kept" man as well as a "kept" woman in the book, but he is there probably for the sake of statistical completeness, and one feels that Mr. Waugh knows and has reflected upon post-war London better than he knows and more than he has reflected upon life. He is serious, but not with the kind of seriousness his theme demands. Mr. Benson is refreshingly old-fashioned. His people are ordinary and his situations unusual. The conversation, good essay English, is as unreal and as explicit as the characters. There is a melodramatic clergyman in whom is incarnated the idea of spiritual combat with the flesh. But in spite of all this, there is in the novel a tradition of thoughtfulness which one cannot but respect. Mr. Waugh's characters are thoughtless; they do not believe in the value of taking thought and of coming to general and necessary conclusions about living. They are outside the practical world, where inevitably this must be done, and they are irritating as well as unreal. Mr. Benson's characters are not real, but in happier circumstances they might be. The same cannot be said of Mr. Waugh's imaginary figures.

EDWIN MUIR.

#### JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

**Out of the Past.** By MARGARET SYMONDS (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan). (Murray. 16s.)

SYMONDS'S "History of the Italian Renaissance" is, of course, a classic. Despite its faults everybody has at some time or other to read it, but for the most part the image which its readers retain of the author is of a sad and troubled man who concentrated in his own person all the spiritual suffering of the age of Clough and Matthew Arnold,

to which, in his own case, was added the burden of a sickly body. Mrs. Vaughan's book has the great merit of rolling up this dismal legend in the most authoritative way. She has not attempted another exhaustive inquiry into the state of her father's soul; she has simply noted down from old letters, diaries, her note-books, and memory an impression of her father in private life. She thus brings to light a fascinating human being, who, delicate as he was, liked nothing better than driving at a hand gallop over an Alpine pass in a snowstorm; and joked with peasants and made friends with gondoliers at the same time that he was writing reams of dismal introspection to Henry Sidgwick and Jowett. Despite ill-health his life was in many ways one of singular good fortune. He married a lady of noble presence and commanding character, who shared his enthusiasm for nature and flowers, and his hatred of convention and the middle classes. He had money enough to indulge his passion for travel, and to gratify the varied whims and caprices of an alert and pleasure-loving temperament. He loved, his daughter tells us, to buy new clothes and socks and silk pocket handkerchiefs and beads and Japanese match-boxes; owls fascinated him, and it was one of his "frequent wailing worries" that he could not induce these birds to nest at Davos. More seriously, he was happy above all in being freed from the provincialities of English literary life, and able to spend most of his maturity unhampered by the conventions which he despised. The bourgeoisie was detestable to him. "The individuals, when you know them, are magnificent, superb. It is only the way of living that I rail against—what I call the hedgerow scheme of existence." His own range of interests effectually freed him from such narrowness; with all his erudition, "he was a very shrewd observer of character into the bargain . . . old ladies consulted him about their wills, young ones about their love-affairs. . . . Clergymen invariably consulted him on every detail concerning the new English church." The peasants came to him in their difficulties; some he would persuade to marry; others, after careful consideration, he would start in life with a gift of a carthorse or a fishing-boat. They would visit him in the evening and sing their songs in a study crammed with books, where masses of proof sheets and manuscripts were piled in craggy erections which he called "precipices." Though Mrs. Vaughan makes mention of these precipices, and has first-hand knowledge of their contents, she does not disturb their dust unduly, and it is as well. For her father was not a great writer; nor indeed was he primarily interested in literature. "Nobody," he wrote, "except some very dry people, ever regarded their art except as a *pis aller*," and the words explain his own comparative failure. "Life," he held, "is more than literature"; so that Mrs. Vaughan has done right to make us look past those dusty piles of old manuscripts to the peasants and the flowers and the eccentric and amusing and romantic people who came year after year to the house at Davos and made her own youth a season of unforgettable delight.

#### RECENT THEOLOGY.

**Jesus, by an Eye-Witness.** By H. D. A. MAJOR, D.D., Principal of Ripon Hall. (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

**Atonement.** By Canon H. MAYNARD SMITH, D.D. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

**Foundations of Faith.**—Vol. II. **Christological.** By W. E. ORCHARD, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

ACCOUNT for it as we will, it is a long way from the Christ of the Gospels to the Christ of Nicæa and Chalcedon, from the Galilean idyll to the Catholic Creeds; and the Gospel according to Mark is the most primitive of the Gospels, the least retouched and revised. Hence its unique value: it is "the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Its careful study is the best possible introduction to New Testament criticism; and a knowledge of Greek, useful as it is, is not an essential preliminary. An intelligent student of the Revised Version, familiar with its marginal readings, has the necessary material to hand; and if further help is required, he can follow Dr. Major's advice, and consult Mr. J. M. Thompson's "Synoptic Gospels in Parallel Columns," published by the Clarendon Press.

The Theological Colleges, which have come to play so great a part in the training of the Anglican clergy, are

for the most part under the influence of men of the advanced, or Anglo-Catholic, school. Ripon Hall is an exception. Founded at Ripon by the late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, and subsequently transferred to Oxford, it is in the hands of Liberal Churchmen, of whom the present Principal, Dr. Major, the editor of the "Modern Churchman," is an able representative; and in this notable study of St. Mark he gives us what may be regarded as the first fruits of a larger harvest which the Hall will produce in due time. The conclusion is that—

"A minute study of the Second Gospel disposes of the 'Christ-Myth' theory of the origin of the Christian Religion as entirely as it disposes of the theory of the plenary verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture."

The former, the "Christ-Myth" theory, has had "a lamentable vogue among the semi-educated." Not, however, beyond them. Originating outside the theological school, it is repudiated as emphatically by scholars of the type of Loisy, Weiss, Wernle, and Conybeare as by conservative writers; and the study of the Second Gospel by modern methods is, Dr. Major urges, "the best way of demonstrating its baseless character."

"The more I studied it, the more I realized that I, though more than eighteen centuries later, actually shared the privilege with the first-century Christians, of being a recipient of the reminiscences of a disciple of Jesus, the chief of the Twelve."

This will be the impression left on the reader of this learned but lucid handbook. We could wish that the writer would deal in a future treatise with the question of the "Apotheosis of the Personality of Jesus." This is the problem of Christianity. And it remains unsolved.

Canon Maynard Smith's "Atonement" is written from another point of view. It is dedicated to the memory of the late Bishop of Zanzibar; and "having been for thirty years engaged in parochial work," the writer's "interests are primarily religious and practical." His style is that of the pulpit; we read, for example, of "the fictitious monster called the modern mind," of which "the clergy in residential neighbourhoods" live in fear and trembling; and of "the Victorian mirage," by which a few are still deluded; and the good Canon ventures on an occasional joke, though, like the Scotsman, he "jokes w' deeficulty":—

"It is funny, but not true, to say that the twelfth-century conception of God was a glorified feudal baron. Eight hundred years hence it may be just as funny, and just as untrue, to say that the twentieth-century conception of God was an easy-going Papa of the well-to-do classes."

He admits that "the historical side of this question has been much neglected by theologians." But he makes no use either of Dean Rashdall's monumental Bampton Lectures for 1915, or of Jowett's famous Essay on Atonement and Satisfaction, in the first of which the history, and in the second the theory, of the Idea of Atonement is suggestively and exhaustively discussed.

Dr. Orchard's "Foundations of Faith" is a somewhat enigmatic book. It reads like a defence of the official Catholic teaching on the points under discussion; the last six chapters, in particular, might have appeared with the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Bourne. The writer's temper is, indeed, moderate and courteous. But the work is distinctly one of conservative or traditionalist apologetic; and the references (in the section on the Atonement) to the Mass and the Crucifix, natural enough in an Anglo- or a Roman Catholic, sound strange as coming from a Nonconformist divine.

A. F.

#### DANTESQUE.

**From a Pitman's Notebook:** By ROGER DATALLER. (Cape. 6s.)

"ALL our humour is two-edged," writes Mr. Dataller. "Nay, for the moment, I can recall no single quip delivered by the miner that does not possess an essential cynicism." It would be surprising if it were otherwise. There are some who hold that cynicism is quite alien to the English temperament; and indeed, as the most of us go about our common tasks, we do not show much sign of it. Security brings complacent habits of mind. Only in moments of stress do we bring our cynicism into play: was not cynicism the very bedrock of Old Bill's philosophy? But it is always fundamentally there.

You doubt it? Then take a turn with the miners in some Yorkshire colliery. Or let Mr. Dataller (as he has chosen to call himself) give you his evidence. He is no mere observer: he is the miner himself, made sensitively articulate: he speaks the words all miners would say, if their speech could rise above its trammelling dialect. The plain, unvarnished tale of the miners is a rare thing in literature. Mr. Walsh has accomplished it once, in "The Underworld": and that is about all. But these pages from Mr. Dataller's journal are better than any novel: they give the rough ore of the miner's life, before it has been tried seven times in the fires of Art: they are written in a stiff and vivid prose that at times might have been plucked clean out of the best work of D. H. Lawrence.

As you read, you move in a world of humid darkness, shut quite off from joy, from fellowship, and from the bright interchange of ideas. "Sometimes a trammer passes by, flipping blood away from a pendant hand: sometimes on a transitory wave of excitement a stretcher is borne by." There are no folk-songs even to remind you pathetically of the rightful joy of labour: behind lies nothing but a tradition of cruelty and dark unrest. Maybe a whole face of stone falls in, and you must help to heave the block away from some smashed mate. Or you notice that the wheel-boy at the jenny-head has fallen asleep: well, it is better so (even if the Deputy catch him—and even Deputies may be lenient) than that the vivid electric bulb above his head should give him nystagmus. Or you become suddenly frighteningly aware of the fact of *underground*: "that a hundred million tons of stone and clay and shale and dirt are suspended over *your* head, and that higher still, upon the table of it all, there moves the busy world of men." Or you sicken at the stench of sweat. Or you stumble on men beating a recalcitrant pony—and you remember meadows where other ponies graze an hour or so in the sun till their turn come.

It would indeed be surprising if a miner's humour were not two-edged. But his cynicism is not only—as it was mainly in the war—a shield against the odds of a cruel environment: it is also a flaunting of the banner of the spirit's invincibility—"Old Pit devil, Pit devil, you haven't got me yet." And how shall life be good in such an attitude of ceaseless defiance? How shall a miner's work ever be less than a drudgery, his leisure more than a sleep? Here is an account of one household where even the daily paper was stopped: of what use to pay for it, when it lay for months unread? Can education do anything? Mr. Dataller quotes a little essay by a miner's child.

"I have got a mother at home and she works hared and when she washes some time is mase her pooly and then she mite die and my farther will go in the cab and then myt bey some flower else my anty will bey some, and then when the flowers are ded my dad will bey some more."

Shall we try uplift? "My God!" cries Mr. Dataller; "that is equally revolting. It's merely futile." What, then, shall be done? Is it, indeed, "Abandon Hope, all ye . . .?"

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RELIGIOUS MIND.

**The Psychology of Religious Mysticism.** By JAMES H. LEUBA. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

**Conversion, Christian and Non-Christian.** By A. C. UNDERWOOD. (Allen & Unwin. 15s.)

ALL the intellectual argumentation having failed to establish the existence of God, Christian and other apologists fell back upon personal revelation, and were gratified to find that William James supported them in their contention that, while it might be understandable for others to doubt, yet those who were granted certain varieties of religious experience were in an impregnable position; it was as if they and no one else had ever been or could go to some distant land; while some might deny the existence of such a place, others might take the word of those who had actually visited it.

There are two arguments in favour of such experiences being of a divine nature: one has reference to the nature of the experience itself, and the other is that the actions of the people who have had such revelations are so admirable that one cannot but believe that they are being moved by the finger of God.

Mr. Leuba takes the latter argument too seriously, and is at great pains to make the sufficiently obvious point that the mystics were unsociable, tiresome people, and did not live up to the Christian ideal of social behaviour. But then the argument itself is of no value as an argument in favour of the divine nature of the ecstasies during which the revelations in question, in accordance with which the activity is said to be, are given, because no one is intimate enough with the Deity to know what sort of precepts he is likely to give, and in any case the frailty of human nature is such that we cannot argue from the performance or non-performance of certain acts to the revelation or non-revelation of certain precepts, nor can we say anything about their nature without begging the question of the goodness of God.

The real value of Mr. Leuba's book lies in the comparison he makes between the ecstasies of certain Christian mystics and similar states occurring under certain psychological and physiological conditions. He points out that the mystics whom he has chosen all want affection, esteem, and support, and he shows how these requirements are met in the mystical life; the cost is great, but the achievement is worth it.

Recent psychological investigation has demonstrated the inadequacy of supposing that tendencies only manifest themselves in overt behaviour. The phantasy life is becoming more and more prominent, and the line which divides the world of reality, constructed out of perception, from the world of imagination, is no longer well defined. Sublimation does not only occur in the transference of interest from babies to lapdogs; fiction is called in, and a love affair with a God or a cinema star takes place in the world of imagination.

The unsatisfactory nature of the relationship, together with the actual constitutional make-up of the individual, including his beliefs, produce the astonishing phenomena of mysticism—Suzo sleeping in the arms of his God, Catherine of Genoa vomiting all sustenance but the body of her Lord, and Marie Alacoque licking the floor with her tongue.

Mr. Leuba's work is very good as far as it goes; it explodes the objective validity of the mystical theory as to the causes of the trances, but we wish he had gone further, and were not so shy of the "Austrian physician." His experiments in drugs are interesting, and also the results of some other experiments performed for the purpose of inducing the "feeling of personal presence," which is one of the mainstays of the mystical argument, but which can be artificially produced under certain expectational conditions.

Mr. Leuba has dealt exclusively with cases in which the mystic obviously has his or her attention occupied by a loved personage, and this has been an important factor in the causal chain leading to the ecstasy and trance states, but it would have been interesting to have gathered more data about the cases which occur mainly in India, where the trance seems to be brought about by meditation on some metaphysical proposition. The Yoga teaching of Patanjali, which Mr. Leuba cites, is distinguished from several other schools of Hindu philosophy by the very fact that a particular "soul" is introduced to assist those who require an object of adoration.

Dr. Underwood, however, is more fortunate in his acquaintance with Indian and other religions. He is dealing with another religious phenomenon altogether—that of conversion. He has a fascinating problem, particularly in view of the new developments in psychology. Here we have a sudden emotional storm occurring which leaves the whole landscape changed when it has passed over. In his book he has brought together a tangled mass of evidence from Hindu, Buddhist, and Sufi literature, but what he really wants to call "Conversion" never becomes clear; he seems to include under the term any change from one mode of life to another, or one mode of thought to another. He distinguishes three kinds of Conversion: intellectual, moral, and emotional, and after identifying moral conversion with a change from a wicked life to a good one, he adds: "In all soberness, we may say that there is no moral malady that conversion has not been known to cure."

Changes of habits, thought, and behaviour may obviously occur under very different circumstances, and they cannot

all be treated as one subject. There may be discomfort of three kinds: doubt, sense of guilt, and anxiety—all conscious phenomena—and after some cataclysmic experience may ensue a sense of extraordinary freedom and joy. The causes operative in each of these three situations will probably be quite different. But then a great deal of Dr. Underwood's Oriental material gives no indication whatever of any preliminary discomfort of any of these three kinds, and here, in spite of the fact that some decisive event can be pointed to, the situation is again quite different, and it also must be remembered that the "creative memory" of a religious man will cast a rosy haze over his pre-religious period making it appear deplorable, when he may only mean that it was not as pleasant as his life now, or he may be unconsciously falsifying the facts.

Dr. Underwood tells the old story of conflicting complexes which eventually are solved, but he refrains from making any use of modern psychological teaching as to the nature of the complexes involved, and the origin of the feeling of guilt, so that from a psychological point of view his book is worthless; its only value is as a compendium of interesting items of Oriental religious experience which are not usually to be found in such works.

### THE GERMAN GENIUS.

Germany. By G. P. GOOCH. (Benn. 15s.)

No better pen than that of Dr. Gooch could have been chosen to write the history of Germany for the plain man to read. He selects the salient facts with that sureness of touch that is only found with encyclopedic knowledge; and, at a time when writers on European history can almost all be classified as pro-French or pro-German, his impartiality is admirable. Dr. Gooch is a friend of Germany; he appreciates the German mind and considers that its intellectual and aesthetic achievements stand supreme in the modern world. But where Germany's record is marked by blunders or even crimes he says so with the unhesitating candour of a real friend.

The series of which his book is the second is intended to describe the forces at work in the world to-day, and the years before the war have therefore to be dealt with very briefly. Dr. Gooch fixes the moment when Germany definitely embarked on the policy that led to the war at the appointment of Bülow and Tirpitz in 1897. He does not minimize Germany's share in the ultimate responsibility for the catastrophe, though in dealing with the events of the crisis itself he lets the German Government off rather too lightly. The war-manufactured theory that the Kaiser had been plotting the war for years is of course ridiculous: but if Germany's intentions were as pacific as Dr. Gooch claims, her policy was something more than maladroit. "The fatal mistake of July 5th," he truly says, "was in giving a blank cheque to Vienna." But it surely would not have passed the wit of the stupidest statesman, if he had been really anxious to preserve the peace of Europe, to hold back an ally over which his country had so much influence. Germany is acquitted of having prepared the war: but she cannot be acquitted of certain sins of omission when it was imminent.

The chapters on the war are interesting: they deal not with campaigns, which are really irrelevant to the main issues of history, but with the state of public opinion in Germany, ranging from the rabid Jingo and Anglo-phobes, deceiving and deceived, to the small but steadfast group of pacifists and internationalists who were to be found in Germany as in every other belligerent country. The list of eminent intellectuals who were carried away by the general hysteria is sad reading; but there is comfort in the names of those who kept cool enough to remain "above the battle": Einstein, "an impenitent citizen of the world," Delbrück, Schücking, Förster, and Quide.

The best of the book, however, is the second half; if it be not merely that the cumulative effect of increasing admiration makes this impression on the reader. There is an excellent chapter on the revolution, the inevitable consequence of an intolerable situation, "rather an event than an act," and the confusion resulting from the various aims of the different parties of the Left; an analysis of the Weimar Constitution, which meets with Dr. Gooch's wholehearted approval; a summary of the peace negotiations,

the provisions of the settlement and the history of their execution, carried right up to the refusal of the Allies to evacuate Cologne in January of this year.

Dr. Gooch sees in post-war Germany the signs of a reawakening of those spiritual forces which were in abeyance in the period of great material development. It is a pity that the chapter in which he sketches the intellectual tendencies of the present day could not have been longer; and—since no review is complete which does not carp at something—that the few pages on contemporary literature are more in the nature of a catalogue of different works than a general survey of characteristics.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

**Some Men and Women.** By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

In dealing with the delicate emotional relations of unmarried people, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes writes with what may be called tactful sentimentality, and yet with a fine intuition of the moods and desires on which marital happiness may depend. In dual psychology she is subtle and exact; in dealing with men or women alone, usually separated by violent action or emotion, the method she has established for herself seems too slender. So in "The Answer" we are disturbed by so great a change of character caused in a man by extreme physical illness that his wife wishes that her prayer for his recovery had not been answered. In "The Philanderer," a man finds himself involved, owing to a few secret kisses, in a net of circumstantial evidence sufficient to hang him, and the cause seems, by treatment, absurdly inadequate. Titles might seem to upset Mrs. Lowndes's knowledge of humanity, for the Duchess in "The Gunroom" is more melodramatic than maternally righteous, but, for compensation, we have "The Duchess's Story," a delightfully pathetic romance in an old-fashioned tradition with which the writer seems most at ease.

**My Daughter Helen.** By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Oblique narration has a remote charm of its own and, by evasion, seems to enrich characterization, or, at least, causes a double illusion in our minds. In the second part of this novel, Marmaduke, the husband of Helen, seen through the anxious thoughts of his exceptional father-in-law, is curiously recognizable, though in his own person, being a hopeless wastrel, whose only excuse for existence is his faculty of drawing the best out of other people's natures, he would be intolerable for any length of time. Helen, though apparently direct and simple, is less satisfactory. Her weakness may have been due to the very strength of the maternal instinct which guided her in her choice of husband, actually it is an uninteresting affectionate stupidity. But Mr. Monkhouse, who is always careful and consistent in craft, has concentrated on the relations of father and daughter, and the neutrality of Helen is due, by art or life, to the dominating personality of the father.

**Eclipse.** By S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Mais seems to have subscribed, in practice, to those formulae for success which Mr. Arnold Bennett set down in his popular literary handbooks. We can almost perceive the author of "Eclipse" arranging his plot with gusto—Chapter One, A Cartoonist, an Actress, and a Mannequin; Chapter Two, A First Night and a Cabaret. Afternoon beauty in Bond Street, the roar of printing machines fed with startling captions, the glitter of night-life—through all the amazing modernity which Mr. Mais shares with Miss Berta Ruck runs a simple story older than restaurant or dress parade. The cartoonist is eclipsed by his wife, a famous actress and (needless to say) a duke's daughter, who does not live with him. The simplicity of the heroine, "her radiantly exquisite, honeypale intractable curls," "the glory of her boyish shingled hair," capture his heart. Mr. Mais keeps up a running satiric fire on modern journalism as it hardly exists, on publicity-seeking as it does, for amusement rather than from any moral resentment.

**William.** By E. H. YOUNG. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Family life in fiction brings of itself a comfortable sense of perspective, and the recognition of the familiar likeness in son or daughter is a pleasant task. All the Nesbit girls have married, and, accompanying grandmother on her rounds, we gain happy glimpses of varied households so

full of children that we may feel all is well with the future of the nation. Only one daughter raises a moral problem by running away from her husband with a lover. Consternation rules in the Nesbit camps, and a great family consultation is held. How William Nesbit, a self-made man of unusual broadmindedness and vision, believing in the real happiness of his favourite daughter, battles with his furious family and relatives, is the essence of this quiet and skilful comedy. It is an allegory of tact, and the conclusion is not forced. Scandal dies down, and even Mrs. Nesbit, making the best of the difficulty, concludes that though her daughter is not right, she is certainly good.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Further Reminiscences, 1861-1894.** By S. BARING-GOULD. (Bodley Head. 16s.)

This further instalment of Mr. Baring-Gould's autobiography is too largely composed of letters addressed to "My dear G.," a Mr. Gatrill, a clergyman with apparently an insatiable appetite for the details of Continental travel, to be altogether lively reading for those not so endowed. "At St. Peter's the service is performed in a side chapel behind glass doors. One may enter and stand against the door and listen to the qualling of the eunuchs, gross creatures. I do not, I cannot, appreciate St. Peter's . . . I detest the church; every stone in it has cost a human soul . . . The beds are good, comfortable, and clean. The pension price is 8 francs a day; enough for what one gets." In England, especially at Lew Trenchard, his family home, Mr. Baring-Gould becomes more succulent, for he had all that zeal for local antiquities, old customs, village characters, and parish gossip which so often distinguishes our English clergy and makes their note-books excellent reading. There were witches in Devonshire in the year 1911. Burnt sacrifices were offered in the year 1879; and though "it seems to me that we never get mutton nowadays as we did when I was young," still the oldest names persist—Kneebone, Suckbitch—and the adventurous may still be bogged on Dartmoor.

**Deep Sea Chanties: Old Sea Songs.** Edited by FRANK SHAY. Decorations and Woodcuts by EDW. A. WILSON. Introduction by WILLIAM MCFEE. (Heinemann. 15s.)

This attempt to recapture "the spirit of the clipper ship era" is rather incongruously dedicated to "John Silver, Midshipman Easy, and Tom Bowling," and the collection includes not only chanties like "Reuben Ranzo" and "Whiskey Johnny," but "Ben Backstay" and old ballads like "The George Aloe." There is a pleasant air of enthusiasm about it all; but this inclusiveness makes for dissipation of interest. The notes are inadequate, and the versions of the actual chanties are not always the best available; some of them are unnecessarily curtailed. Many of the woodcuts are good and spirited; but the general effect of the decorations is spotty and fidgeting. We are frequently reminded of Sheridan's "rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin."

**The Letters of Mary Russell Mitford.** Selected, with an Introduction, by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (Bodley Head. 6s.)

This handy little selection from the many volumes of Miss Mitford's letters is done with skill enough to revive our interest in that cultivated old maid, who won a lottery ticket and supported an incompetent father, and wrote excellent prose and knew all the literary gentlemen of her time, and possessed the now extinct art of writing letters which can go straight to the printer without the erasure of a single word. The art of letter-writing is of all arts the most dependent upon circumstances. Had there been a telephone in the days of Cowper and Madame de Sévigné we should have lost some of the most delightful volumes in the world. Nowadays, Miss Mitford's calm, long, well-considered letters would never have been written at all. The telephone would have received them or the telegraph form. As it was, Sir William Elford received every few weeks long, full pages about the Elizabethan drama, Scott's novels, and the sunshine, and the flowers and the cats, and anything in short that filled the leisurely life and the well-stocked mind of his friend. She was careful to assure him that she took no pains with her writing, and held literary letters in contempt; but the apology is a little self-conscious. Delightful as they are and entertaining, one would like occasionally to feel that Miss Mitford was in a hurry, or in a temper, or had something very urgent to say. But the telephone never rang; on she wrote imperturbably.

# OXFORD BOOKS

## THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER

By Harvey Cushing

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER was even more than that of a great doctor, it was that of a man who inspired all with whom he came in touch. "Because of Osler's interest in the history of his profession" writes the author, "the effort has been made to bring him into proper alignment with that most remarkable period in the annals of Medicine through which he lived." With many illustrations.

In two volumes, 37s. 6d. net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



## PUBLIC PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON

To be published in six volumes, two at a time, each unit complete in itself.

### COLLEGE AND STATE

In these early papers, hitherto inaccessible, which are brought together for the first time with Mrs. Wilson's authorisation and co-operation, are to be found the inception and development of those political and intellectual ideas which shaped Woodrow Wilson's later career. The editors, Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd have succeeded in producing a work that is intensely interesting as well as authoritative.

Two volumes, boxed. 30s. net.

### THE COASTS OF ILLUSION

by Clark B. Firestone. 16s. net.

"The author has produced an extraordinarily interesting and thorough work on the travel tales that have been told (by the great travellers) from the earliest times to the middle of the nineteenth century."—*The Spectator*.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE

by Dallas Lore Sharp. 7s. 6d. net.

An imaginative interpretation of bee life, with an appeal to any lover of the outdoors, by an outstanding writer in this field.

HARPER & BROTHERS, LONDON

## Vol. III. THE No. XI CRITERION

A Quarterly Review

April 1925

3/6 NET

CONTENTS.

A COMMENTARY	
THE GLAMOUR OF GOLD	G. Elliot Smith
TWO LETTERS	Lionel Johnson
NECESSE EST PERSTARE?	F. M.
THE FIELD OF MUSTARD	A. E. Coppard
"AS SCARLET"	Wilfrid Gibson
FRANCOIS VILLON	Richard Aldington
A NOTE ON THE CLASSICAL PRINCIPLE	
IN POETRY	H. P. Collins
NIGHT CLUB	Feiron Morris
ON THE NATURE OF ALLEGORY	Benedetto Croce
THE VIGIL OF JULIAN	T. Sturge Moore
CHRONICLES, NOTES & REVIEWS	

Annual Subscription 14/- post free

R. COBDEN-SANDERSON,  
17, Thavies Inn, London, E.C. 1.

## APRIL THE 7s. 6d. QUARTERLY REVIEW

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING (With Illustrations)	By WILLIAM THOMPSON.
THE REGENERATION OF GERMANY.	
THE SPIRIT OF LONDON.	By J. P. COLLINS.
AN EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM.	By F. A. W. GISBORNE.
COLERIDGE'S CONVERSATION POEMS.	
THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN MAN.	By PROF. GEORGE McLEAN HARPER.
SELF-DETERMINATION.	By LEWIS SPENCE.
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.	By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.
THE TROUBLES OF LONDON TRAFFIC.	By H. D. GODLEY.
CLASSICAL MYTHS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.	By CAPTAIN G. S. C. SWINTON, L.C.C.
THE AWAKENING OF SPAIN.	By G. M. SARGEAUNT.
SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN AND THE RETREAT FROM MONS.	
	By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

## SYMONS' GOLD MEDAL DEVONSHIRE CYDER

Well-made from Devon Apples, (the finest cyder apples extant) right on the spot where Devon Apples grow, not far from lovely Paignton and Torquay. Send for Free Sample Bottle, and state if "Dry" or "Sweet" Cyder, or non-intoxicating SYDRINA is preferred.

JNO. SYMONS & CO. LTD.  
CYDERFIELD, TOTNES, DEVON.  
Highest Awards at International Exhibitions.

JUST PUBLISHED.

## THE HOUSE OF MADAM TELLIER

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

LAURIE 7s. 6d. net.

## FINANCIAL SECTION

### THE WEEK IN THE CITY

AN INDUSTRIAL COMPARISON—EUROPEAN *VERSUS* ARGENTINE LOANS.

**P**RICES in the stock markets have an upward tendency, but there is little business being done. Noticeable features have been the leaders in the miscellaneous and industrial markets, such as Imperial Tobacco at 97s. 6d. and Courtaulds at 96s. 6d. In spite of the big rises in both these shares in the last six months it is unlikely that in either case the peak of prosperity has yet been reached. In the mining market Kaffirs have somewhat improved with the clearing up of the uncertainty as to the new taxation proposals in South Africa, and we feel that amongst others in this class Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Ordinary shares at 41s. 6d. are not too dear.

The balance sheets of Vickers Limited and Babcock & Wilcox illustrate the extreme diversity of fortune in industrial undertakings at the present time. Vickers reflected the depression that continues in the iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding industries, while Babcock & Wilcox, manufacturers of water-tube steam boilers, experienced another prosperous year in 1924. Vickers make matters no better by being unusually obscure in their presentation of accounts. No profit and loss account is published, and the balance sheet shows the profits after "adjustment of reserves" (the total reserve funds of the company, which stood in the balance sheet of 1923 at £4,755,387, are reduced to £3,659,216). These 1924 profits, amounting to £403,225 on an Ordinary capital of £12,315,483, a Preferred capital of £8,363,807, and a Loan capital of £3,250,000, compare badly with a net profit of £760,299 earned by Babcock & Wilcox in the same year on an Ordinary capital of £4,297,656, and a Preferred capital of £279,056. While Vickers pass their ordinary dividend for the second time, Babcock & Wilcox pay 12 per cent., which, having regard to the bonus of two shares for one given two years ago, is equivalent to 24 per cent. on the capital existing in 1922. While Vickers' investments in Government securities at £2,413,218 show a decline of £1,175,262, investments for Babcock & Wilcox show an increase "at cost" (£2,023,609) of £50,128. Above all, while more than 50 per cent. of the assets of Vickers Limited consist of "Interest in Subsidiary Companies" (£17,158,070), the assets of Babcock & Wilcox are all liquid, with the exception of a comparatively small item of £1,742,830 for land, plant, and shares and debentures in subsidiary companies. The only point on which the two accounts are alike is the obscurity covering these composite items in the balance sheets. A note of caution should, however, be sounded in making this comparison. We do not want to suggest that the market valuation of Babcock & Wilcox ordinary shares at 57s. is necessarily cheaper than that of Vickers at 8s. If we refer to pre-war valuations in the share markets it might be deduced that the shares of both companies are over-valued. The following table shows that whereas the total capital of Vickers has increased by 154 per cent. since 1914, the profits have declined by 64 per cent., and that whereas the profits of Babcock & Wilcox have nearly doubled, the total capital has increased more than 2½ times.

	Ordinary Capital.	Prior Capital.	Total Profit.	Market Price April.
Babcock & Wilcox :	£	£	£	
1914	1,660,000	278,356	402,947	60/-
1924	4,297,656	279,056	760,299	57/-
Vickers :				
1914	5,549,262	3,926,800	1,126,946	35/-
1924	12,315,483	11,613,807	403,225	8/-

At present market valuations of foreign Government loans, South American issues stand high as compared with European. We are inclined to the view that the reverse would be more justified on general financial and political grounds. To take, for instance, Brazil and Argentine loans, it has been suggested that the Brazilian Government will be in a position to resume payment on July 31st, 1927, of the sinking funds which were suspended under the 1914 funding arrangement. The ground for this optimism appears to be the institution of a Brazilian income tax. On this point it would be wise to take a cautionary attitude. The political situation in Brazil is still very unsettled, and although the assessment and collection of income tax is said to be progressing, the success of this form of tax in Latin countries is notoriously meagre. We have the example of Argentina in mind, which a year or so ago agreed in principle upon an income tax, but has so far done nothing to put it into practice. If the political disturbances subside, no doubt the finances of Brazil will improve, but to predict events so far ahead as two years would be more bold than wise. The 1925 Budget of the Argentine Government balanced by taking credit for 60,000,000 pesos on account of income tax which has not yet been voted. Further, public works expenditure of 82,000,000 pesos was covered not by revenue, but by the issue of *credito interno* bonds. If we remember rightly, there has been no official report from the Accountant-General since 1920. These details do not inspire confidence in Argentine finances. Further, the floating debt is in the neighbourhood of 1,000,000,000 pesos, and no serious attempt has yet been made to fund it. In February of this year a sum of \$20,000,000 was raised in New York to meet Argentine Treasury Bills due on February 25th. Last year \$32,000,000 was raised in New York at 6 per cent., the issue price being 95, for a similar purpose. This piecemeal financing is merely putting off the evil day. Under these circumstances we do not see how the credit of the Argentine Government can improve, despite the favourable trade balance displayed in 1924. Indeed, the fact that the exchange is not at par, although this balance in favour of Argentina last year was \$230,000,000 gold, is some evidence that the credit of the Government is being affected by unsatisfactory financing. Compared with European Government loans, the conclusion is inevitable that the market valuations of South American loans are too high. This discrepancy is partly explained by the fact that the South American loans were well placed, that is to say, are strongly held, and that in the case of European loans the instability of the exchanges has been very largely discounted. Apart from these considerations there is no question but that a European country with highly developed industries and a large population accustomed to paying taxes presents a better security for investment than a South American country, thinly populated, whose Latin inhabitants are united solely in their dislike of income or other taxes. We give below a table of representative loans, South-American and European. For the purposes of comparison we have taken loans in which there is some specific security. [The unsecured Brazilian loans on which sinking funds have been suspended generally yield over 9 per cent.]

	Price.	Yield allowing for accrued interest and redemption.
Argentine 4% Rescission ...	78	5 12 8
Brazil 5% Funding, 1898 ...	87	5 18 6
Peru (Salt) 5½% ...	95	6 2 7
City of Buenos Ayres 5%, 1913-14...	87	6 1 0
German 7% Sterling Loan, 1924 ...	101	7 1 9
Greek 7% Refugee Loan ...	92	7 17 4
Hungarian 7½% Sterling Bonds ...	93½	8 7 0
City of Prague 7½% Loan ...	94	8 6 2

# Stepping-Stones

What was it the brook sang? "I chatter, chatter, as I go to join the brimming river . . ." Lovers of Tennyson will remember the beautiful poem, and will recall the picture of the busy brook, bubbling over its rocky bed, which the rhythm of the words has conjured up in their minds. How descriptive of our own busy lives! What a mixture of calms and rapids. The merry rippling of our early days; the gushing torrent of our exuberant youth; the whirl of our manhood through the difficult rocks which beset our daily path; the deep calm flow of age; the quietness when deep meets deep as we "cross the bar." No stream of water can rightfully aspire to the title of "brook" unless in its picturesque meanderings it crosses a country path and gurgles noisily round the stepping-stones which some careful farmer has placed across its bed. Visions of holidays in our childhood's years rise in our memories, and we see again the verdant little corners close by the fringe of the woods where the brook tumbled out clamourously, and we crossed over by the stepping-stones, holding tightly to the branch of a tree, pausing mid-way to see the reflection of ourselves, distorted so funnily in the quivering silver mirror beneath us. And how confident we were in the help the stones gave us, never dreaming that they might ever be removed. If ever we had gone rambling one day, and crossed the brook, and on our return found the stepping-stones gone, what would have been our dismay to have met only a stretch of water whose depths and rapid flow effectually barred our progress!

Such a calamity so often happens in the little journey of childhood. Day by day the little feet use the stepping-stones of a mother's love and a father's care; and so unconsciously do they rely upon these stones that when suddenly they are removed, the gap, the obstacle, appals and affrights the tender minds. It is such an ordinary daily thing to see "daddy"; to climb on his lap; to seek his help in games; to dive in his big pockets for treasures; and to lean on him for food, clothing, and that gentle but valuable advice which he had for all. But when a sudden illness or accident carries Daddy off and leaves the little family without their natural protector, it is like coming face to face with a rushing stream from which the stepping-stones have been removed.



For boys and girls whose pathway is thus made difficult, whose progress is stayed by the loss of the father, kind friends have made it possible to replace the "stepping-stones" by which they may cross from infancy to manhood or womanhood. For over 167 years, stepping-stones to useful careers have been provided by the Alexandra Orphanage, which steps in after father's death and undertakes the full care of the little people until they are old enough and strong enough to shoulder their own burdens. The school at Haverstock Hill in the north west of London, shelters at the present time three hundred fatherless boys and girls from all parts of the country and the dominions. Some are motherless as well, and in some cases although the father is not dead, he is incurably ill and helpless. Here in cheerful surroundings they live a homely life, receiving a valuable education and Christian training, and when they leave at the age of 15, pathways are opened up for them to satisfactory positions, where they can "make good" as reliable citizens.

Lord Marshall, who has been Treasurer of the Alexandra Orphanage for 23 years, tells us that he needs for the maintenance of the school no less than £18,000 every year. Annual subscriptions and regular income only bring in £5,000 of this, and he is anxious to receive donations from readers of "The Nation" to help in this wonderful and excellent work of saving little children from distress and difficulty. Such an appeal for suffering childhood will surely bring a response from many. Whatever may be the size of your gift, send it to-day to Lord Marshall, at the offices, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.



## Meant to be sat in

To our grandmothers and uncles and aunts, chairs were uncomfortable on principle. Easy attitudes were regarded with disapproval. The Buoyant Chair is an achievement of our own age. It is the answer we make to the pace and pressure at which we have to live.

FORMALITY, deportment, company manners, the straight back, the frozen face, cannot survive in the Buoyant Chair, which is simply, solely, most emphatically and beyond any possibility of mistake to be sat in. Not to be preached from! Not to argue and contradict from! But to be sat in—and while one sits, to be a spectacle of passive, oblivious, blissful content.

## BUOYANT

EASY CHAIRS and SETTEES  
The name "Buoyant" will be found under every genuine Buoyant Chair and Settee. Most good Furnishing Houses sell Buoyant Chairs at prices from Six Guineas.

Buoyant Sales Department  
The Buoyant Upholstery Co. Ltd., Sandiaca, Notts

## IS STERLING OVER-VALUED?

## II.

THE Return-to-Gold Controversy raises two distinct questions. The one relates to permanent arrangements—the ideal currency of the future. The other relates to an immediate practical problem,—namely, whether it is prudent to tie up our price-level in a particular way at this particular moment. In THE NATION of April 4th I gave some reasons for thinking that our present price-level was too high to justify gold-parity. I propose now to compare our level of money-wages with those elsewhere in Europe. The following are some representative facts.

(i.) The January "Bulletin" of the New York Federal Reserve Bank quotes the following average daily wages, converted into gold at the current rates of exchange, paid in November, 1924, by a large American company which has factories in the various countries compared:—

England	...	...	...	\$2.28.
Germany	...	...	...	\$1.55.
France	...	...	...	\$1.35 (Paris).
	...	...	...	\$1.24 (outside Paris).
Belgium	...	...	...	\$1.14.
Italy	...	...	...	\$0.96.

(ii.) The "Economist" for April 11th states that the skilled iron and steel worker receives weekly £1 18s. in Belgium, £1 13s. 7d. in France, and £2 2s. 6d. in Germany; whilst in England the average weekly wage for shorter hours and for the average of skilled and unskilled workers is £3 3s.

(iii.) In so far as these figures are a measure of higher real wages in England, there is no reason to complain. In the United States, dollar wages are twice what they are in England. But the above unfavourable comparisons—unfavourable from the competitive standpoint—are partly a monetary phenomenon, due to the fact that the current rates of exchange overstate the relative internal value of sterling in terms of its purchasing power over articles of working-class consumption. In other words, if we sell a unit of export for \$1, turn it into sterling, pay out the sterling in wages, and consider how much those wages will buy of articles of working-class consumption, as compared with pre-war days, we find that it will buy much less in England than in Germany, France, or Italy. The figures are as follows (the figures for England assuming that sterling is fixed at par):—

					Gold-cost of living (per cent. of pre-war).
England	...	...	...	...	179
Germany	...	...	...	...	125
France	...	...	...	...	103
Italy	...	...	...	...	121

Gold-wages are (in round numbers) 50 per cent. higher in England than in Germany, and 100 per cent. higher than in France, Italy, and Belgium. Real wages are also substantially higher in England, just as they were before the war,—but not nearly so much higher as gold-wages are. Thus our difficulty in competing is largely due, not to higher real wages, but to the fact that, relatively, the gold-cost of living has risen much more in England than in Europe,—which is another way of saying that sterling, measured in its purchasing power over articles of working-class expenditure, is not worth its gold par.

I do not say that the maladjustment is all on one side. Prices in Germany and in Italy, and, above all, in France, are probably destined to rise,—though reparation payments will exercise a restraining influence in the case of Germany. But some of the maladjustment is on our side, so that gold-cost of living and gold-wages in England will have to fall somewhat, say by 10 per cent., relatively to those elsewhere, to restore equilibrium. I believe, further, that a considerable part of this over-valuation of sterling has taken place quite lately, that is to say, during the past year, as a result of the rapid improvement of the sterling exchange brought about by our monetary policy. It is the success of our monetary policy in using sentiment, more than deflation, to raise the exchange which is at the root of the difficulties of our export industries. Sentiment is a fading flower, and

sooner or later we shall be compelled, if we peg our exchanges, to suffer the necessary relative deflation. When this has been accomplished, our export industries will feel better. But during the process we shall all feel very bad indeed. The Return-to-Gold may involve reducing money-wages by (say) two shillings in the £ throughout industry. Does any one look forward with equanimity to the risk, even a small one, of this result?

There are three ways, and only three, in which we can get back to equilibrium:—

(1) By letting our exchanges fall until they are adjusted with our prices and wages—which would be wisdom;

(2) By gold depreciating abroad and prices not rising at home—which would be luck;

(3) By forcing our prices and wages down until they are adjusted with our exchanges—which would be misery.

The ascetic aspects of the third course have attractions for some. But the average industrialist, banker, or politician is not really anxious to submit us to a further course of deflation and of strikes and unemployment. Some of them are very uneasy. Others, whilst regretting that we have got ourselves into our present dilemma, by cultivating a misguided public opinion at home and abroad about the importance of dollar-parity, feel, nevertheless, that it is too late to turn back and that we must now commit ourselves, with the best face we can, to gambling on (2). I admit that it is a gamble which may have a more than even chance of partial success. Nevertheless, most people now appreciate the dangers and the complexities of the case much better than they did a year ago, and sincerely wish that they had not talked so much about the blessings of hurrying back to par. It is in this chastened mood that the British public will submit their necks once more to the golden yoke,—as a prelude, perhaps, to throwing it off for ever at not a distant date.

J. M. KEYNES.



SECURITY - £10,526,191

Accidents = Fire = Marine

The Company transacts, either direct or through its Allied Companies, all classes of Insurance Business.

It particularly begs to draw attention to its Comprehensive Policy covering in one document Loss from Fire, Explosion, Riot, Burglary, Accidents to Servants, &c.

HEAD OFFICES { 45, DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.  
155, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3  
CHIEF ADMINISTRATION 7, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

, 1925.

peg our  
deflation.  
industries  
all all feel  
involve  
in the £  
ard with  
is result?  
which we

they are  
would be

rices not

until they  
ould be

re attrac-  
anker, or  
a further  
ployment.  
st regret-  
dilemma,  
ome and  
ty, feel,  
and that  
e we can,  
ble which  
l success.  
e dangers  
han they  
had not  
g back to  
ish public  
n yoke,—  
ver at not

NES.

rine

rough  
urance

to its  
ument  
glary,

ON, E.C.3  
, W.C.2